THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL LIFE

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MISS ADA REHAN *as "Lady Teazle."*

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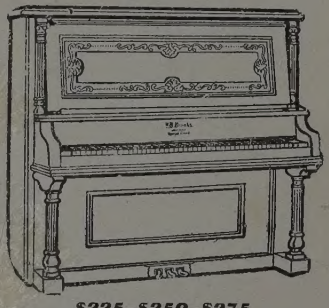

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THE THEATRE

VOL. IV., NO. 38 NEW YORK, APRIL, 1904 ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor

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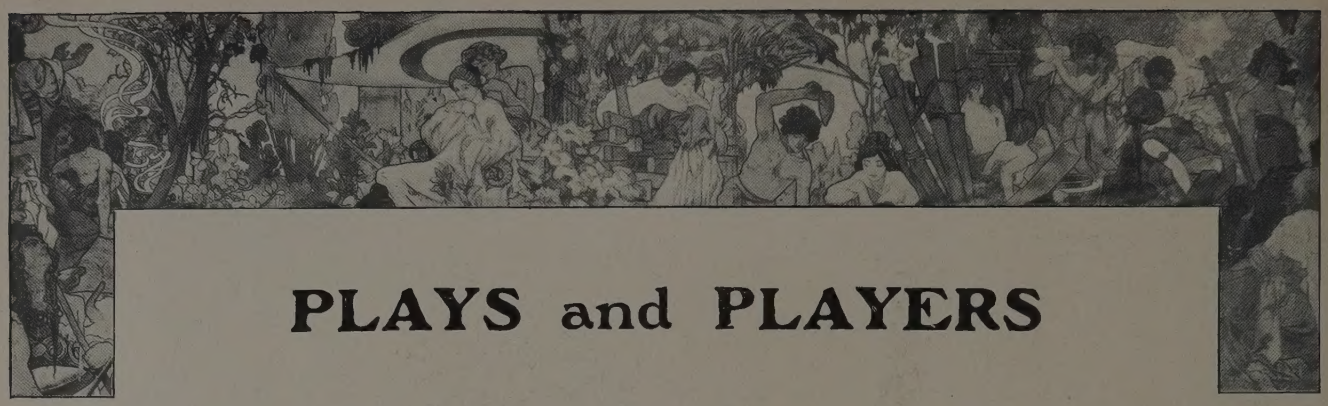
MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT AS OPHELIA

Gertrude Elliott is a younger sister of Maxine Elliott, and the wife of John Forbes Robertson, the English actor, who is now visiting America



PLAYS and PLAYERS

TO the Shakespearean scholar and to the layman, whose appreciation of the great bard is at best perfunctory, John Forbes Robertson's presentation of "Hamlet" at the Knickerbocker Theatre is unequivocally commended. It is one of those intellectual achievements that stir the acute and stimulate the imagination of the dullest, for there is always a temperamental magnetism about this polished actor that is compelling in the hold it has upon those in front. Yet it would be untenable to argue that his is the perfect realization so long desired. There are elements in its composition which do not comport with certain well maintained traditions, so long accepted, that they have become recognized as essentials; but for exquisite refinement, superb dignity, polished elocution, plastic grace and sustained intellectuality it must rank with those few impersonations that are recognized in dramatic history as satisfying embodiments of the greatest figure in theatrical literature. A small book might be written about Mr. Robertson's Hamlet. It is not possible to review it in absolute detail, but its salient defects and beauties may be briefly summarized. The reading is almost modern in the colloquial medium used. The text from this fashion gains point and lucidity; but in the soliloquies the elocution is so frequently hurried that the introspective quality of the Prince is obscured, and the motive for his delay seems to spring more from wearied indifference than from the workings of a sensitive soul unequal to the performance of a great deed laid upon it. His antic disposition has almost the airiness of the light comedian, while the cynic bitterness of his utterings too positively cloaks the hideously tortured heart and mind of a son called upon to revenge his father's foul, unnatural murder. So, further in the interview with the Ghost, the awe-struck note is not sounded to its greatest depth; nor would it seem that in the scene with the mother the passion, accumulated from corroborative proof of the black deed of his father's taking off, has sufficient sweep.

Marceau MISS MARY MANNERING

As she appears in the comedy, "Harriet's Honeymoon," now being presented on the road.

But even if these shortcomings are recognized, and some will hold them to be fatal to a true portrayal, there is so much of special beauty and intelligence in the performance that the intellect is always refreshed and the senses pleased. Outwardly, the high forehead, the flashing, expressive eye, the sad but gracious smile, and the pale cast of thought o'ershadowing all, unite in presenting an almost idealistic picture of the Moody Dane. And what a treat is the elocution so crisp and pure; the tones and modulations of the voice, splendid particularly in its lower register, how varied and fluent; how picturesque and eloquent the gesture and pose, how absolutely free in every detail from anything approaching theatricalism or affectation. In truth, a creation and realization of the highest artistic purpose. Of particular points calling for special praise may be mentioned: The first meeting with Polonius, in which sarcasm and humor are blended with perfect finish; the interview with Ophelia triumphant in its harried regret and anguish; the greeting of Guildenstern and Rosencrantz, so unerring in its perception of their espials; the masterly unmasking of their further duplicity in the episode of the recorders; the romantic fervor of the graveyard scene, and the mortuary climax pregnant with a pathetic dignity and feeling of the most moving kind. Sane, clear and illuminative, Forbes Robertson's Hamlet should be studied by all lovers of Shakespeare and missed by none.

The production scenically is entirely adequate, if a trifle worn, but the supporting cast is only fair in spots and lamentably weak in others. Those whose work is worthy of commendation are Arthur Harrold, whose Horatio is sound and sincere; Jennie A. Eustace, who repeats the success she made as the Queen with E. H. Sothern; C. Aubrey Smith, whose Ghost combines impressiveness with sonority, and Ernest Cosham and S. Thompson, who bring unction and humor to the grave diggers. Miss Gertrude Elliott's Ophelia smacks of artificiality, and Ian Robertson is but mildly effective as Claudius. Of the rest—silence!

Those dramatic enthusiasts who like their Shakespeare served in all the simplicity of the Elizabethan method have been getting it that way in New York recently, and, in the vernacular of the day, "got it good." It is a fine thing to be able to rise superior to those adventitious aids which appeal so strongly to the vulgar herd. Those who prefer one of Sweet William's merry comedies enacted without change of scene, and with a five minutes' exception for three uninterrupted hours are only a trifle lower in the artistic scale than those who assert that the only way to truly absorb the spirit and

drink in the essence of his poetry and philosophy is to read him in the closet.

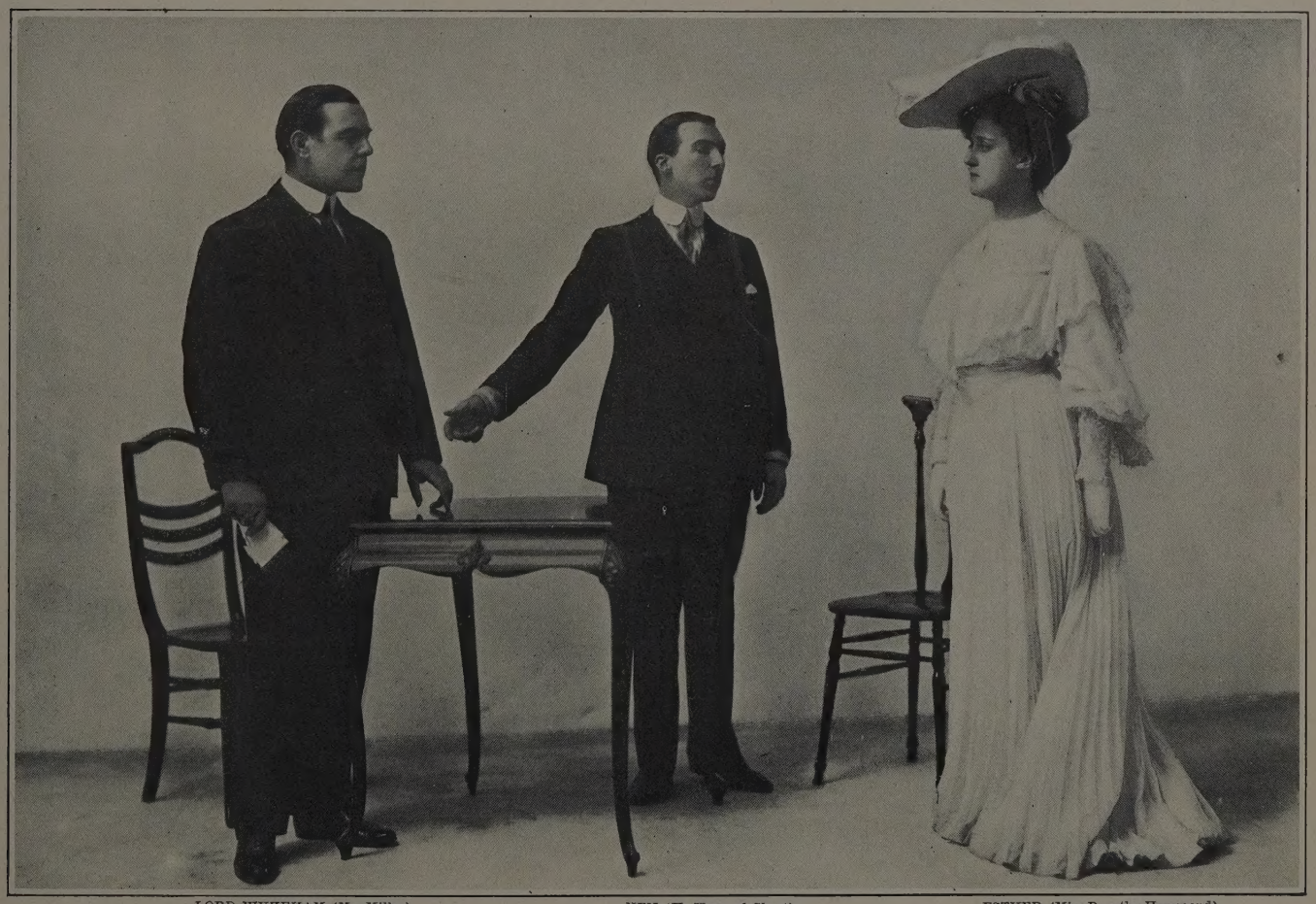
All of which is to say that Ben Greet's method, after the curiosity, for about ten minutes, has been gratified, is a dreary, monotonous and tedious system of theatrical procedure. In their secret souls probably nine-tenths of those who witnessed the performances felt as much, and longed for a return to the modern and more garish methods of the Philistines.

The chief argument advanced by those in favor of the non-scenic theory is that the attention is not distracted by beautiful scenery and costumes at the expense of the words; and that, by the elimination of scenic changes, the time so saved can be devoted to an almost entire rendering of the original text. Are these arguments sound? With no change of scenery to mark the geographical differences, there is on the contrary a constant tax on the mind to differentiate the sea-coast of Illyria from the scene in the palace, since one follows directly upon the other. This condition happens so frequently that to those not familiar with the regular continuity of the comedy there is almost uninterrupted confusion. The lay mind does not have a chance to give perfect attention to the text. Nor is the entire scrip—interrupted for but five minutes—such a feast of unalloyed joy. There is little of the book that one wants dispensed with, but a continuous bombardment of words for three hours—no matter how beautiful—will pall and wear upon even an enthusiast. When the stage setting, too, is limited to a few stiff, straight-backed chairs, it robs the picture of graceful pose and harmonious groupings.

Out! out! an interesting fad, this Elizabethan simplicity; but a fad, and a destructive one, too, to artistic verisimilitude.

The performance, as a whole, was well balanced and expert. There were some particularly good characterizations, notably: the Sir Andrew of John Sayer Crawley, one of the best of modern times; the spirited but discreet Feste of Cecil A. Collins, and the sterling authority which George Riddell brought to Antonio. Capable and amusing was B. A. Field as Sir Toby, and Miss Alys Rees read well as Olivia. C. Randall Kennedy pumps with inarticulate fervor as Orsino, and as Malvolio, Mr. Greet plays in the broadest spirit of traditional burlesque. In view of her great achievement in "Everyman," much was expected of Edith Wynne Matthison as Viola. That she failed to realize the witchery, spirit, romance and pathos of the character, is a lamentable fact. Pitched in a key of positive dolor, the intelligence and beauty of her elocution could not prevent at times the impersonation from becoming monotonously ineffective.

Theatregoers who are fascinated by the horrible on the stage, those lovers of the abnormal so physically constituted that they can stomach the putrescent atmosphere of a charnel house, and even find delight in gazing on decomposing cadavers, may find much to interest them in Richard Mansfield's remarkable impersonation of Russia's monster King, the Czar John IV., better known as Ivan the Terrible. On the other hand, sane, healthy-minded persons are as likely to be repelled by the shocking figure presented by the actor, and this



LORD WYKEHAM (Mr. Miller) KEN (H. Hassard Short) ESTHER (Miss Dorothy Hammond)
Ken confessing he used Lord Wykeham's name

HENRY MILLER IN HIS NEW PLAY, "MAN PROPOSES" AT THE HUDSON

WRIGHT LORIMER

An actor from the West, who will make his first New York appearance at the New York Theatre, April 4, in a play entitled, "The Shepherd King," a romantic drama founded on the Biblical story of David

all the more that the tragedy itself has no dramatic or literary value, and as a play is as dull as it is lugubrious. As a character study, it is without question a wonderful piece of acting, eclipsing in power and terrifying realism anything Mr. Mansfield has yet done, but from character studies of this kind, let our stage be spared! No good cause of art is served by such exhibitions; at most is an actor's personal ambition satisfied.

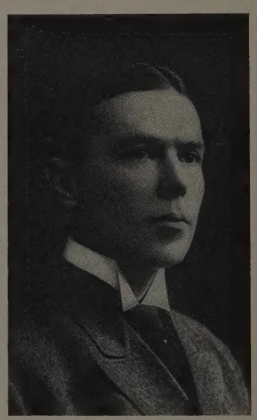
Imagine a decrepit, half-demented old man in the last stages of senile decay, his face wizened and hollow like a grinning skull, the flesh a greenish hue, beardless, but covered with large warts from which sprout long, straggling hairs, saliva dripping from his toothless gums, and his hands and legs shaking from palsy—such is the cheerful picture presented to the spectator for his entertainment. Some time ago, Mr. Mansfield told the writer that he was weary of portraying monsters, and for that reason had abandoned his plan of presenting Stephen Philip's tragedy, "Herod." Henceforth, he said, only the noble and beautiful in life would attract him. Evidently it was the man speaking, and not the artist. The actor who had made the first triumph of his career as the lecherous old Baron Chevrial could not resist the temptation to score again in a rôle somewhat similar.

This piece deals with attempts of the Russian nobles to depose the Czar John IV., and was the first of a trilogy of historical dramas written by Count Alexis Tolstoi. It never attracted much attention, even in Russia, where performances of it were until quite recently forbidden for political reasons.

The play has no connected story, no conflict of emotion, no human interest, and no impression at all is left on the beholder save that of the loathsome despot. Mr. Mansfield has undoubtedly achieved another great personal success, and added to his extensive repertoire (already a well-stocked chamber of horrors) a creation which is, perhaps, beyond the technical skill and power of any other English-speaking actor. The ruthless tyrant's diabolical cunning, his sadistic cruelty, his thirst for human blood, his explosions of terrifying rage, his seemingly sincere remorse and superstitious, craven fear—all these various sides of Ivan the Terrible's character are depicted with all the power, art and skill of a pastmaster in character studies. But it is at best a ghastly performance, soul-harrowing and painful, and surely the talent of so fine and finished an artist might be enlisted in something not only more worthy, but more pleasant.

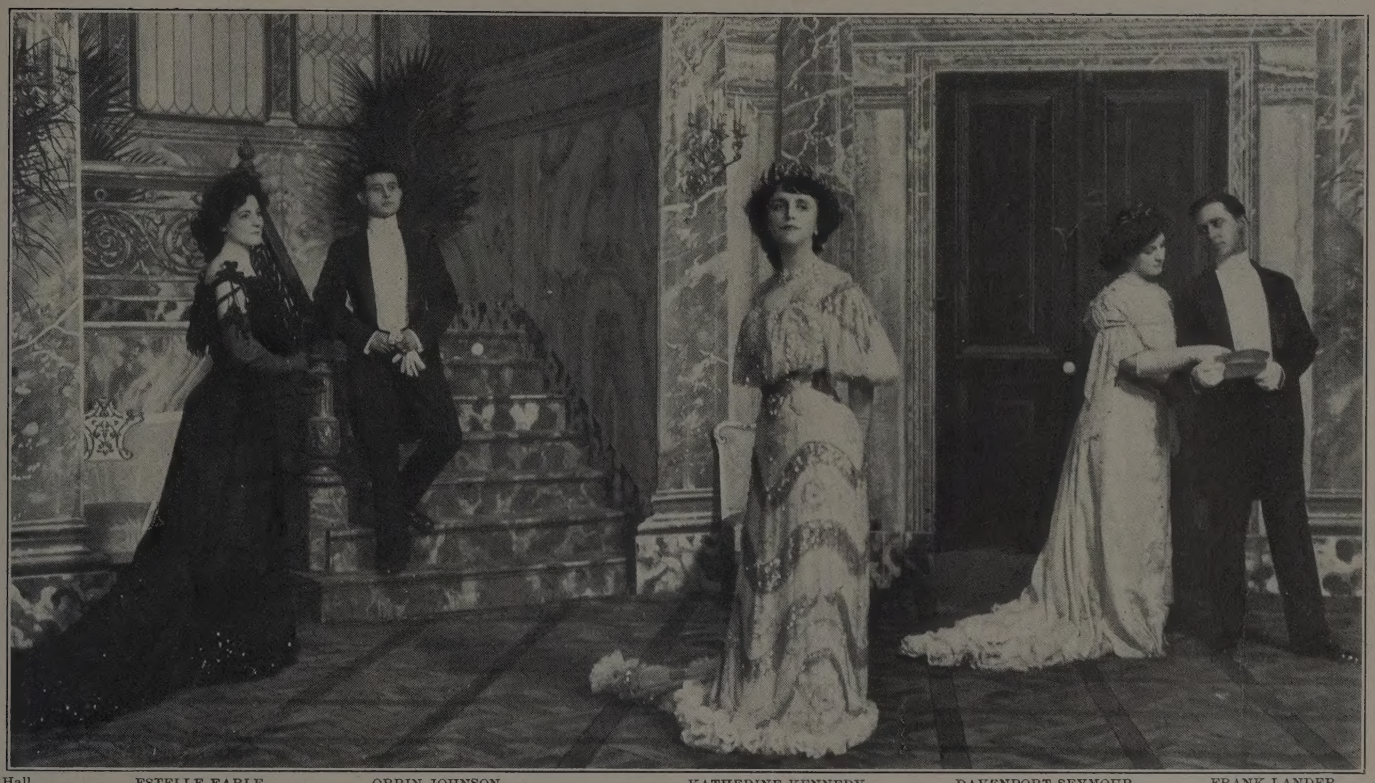
"Man Proposes," the piece in which Henry Miller is appearing, belongs to the milk-and-water drama, the essential requirements of which are the total elimination of virile ideas or originality; dialogue and sentiment chaste enough to be fit for the virgin ear of the demure school-girl; commonplaceness; absence of strong emotions—in short, nothing suggestive of the real drama of life. Such a model Ernest Denny, an English playwright, appears to have taken when writing "Man Proposes," which at best will serve Mr. Miller to eke out an abortive and disappointing season. The piece has to do with two brothers and a girl, and the main theme is the ancient one of mistaken identity. The younger brother is a scapegrace, who, masquerading as his elder brother, Lord Wykeham, wins the affections of the girl. The real earl arrives on the scene incognito, and immediately falls in love with the same girl. The plot thickens (although at no time acquiring greater consistency than a pallid consommé), and there is a scene in the third act where the brothers straighten matters out which has some resemblance to a situation, but it is all very thin for an evening's entertainment, particularly with seats at $2 per. Mr. Miller is at home as the lord, and walks gracefully through a rather colorless part. Hassard Short is too intense as the brother. The girl is played by Miss Dorothy Hammond. This actress has an attractive personality, but her performance is lacking in sincerity.

A new play with a new star is a combination that is usually avoided by prudent managers. At the Garrick Theatre we have this combination. Katherine Kennedy, new to New York, is playing in "The Ruling Power," a drama by Elwyn A. Barron. The use of hypnotism as the pivotal idea of the action of a play is not entirely new, but that any one should hope, author, star, or manager, that an audience can be entertained for hours by morbid pathology, is a new manifestation of a misunderstanding of the func-



HENRY M. BLOSSOM, JR.

Mr. Blossom was born in St. Louis, in 1868. He has travelled widely and for the past ten years has made literature his profession. His first published work was a love story told in the form of fac-simile letters, bills and newspaper clippings, called "The Documents in Evidence." It was brought out in 1893, and had wide popularity. "Checkers," a hard luck story, was his next effort, and this was so favorably received that the young author was tempted to try it in stage form. The play was finished and successfully produced last Spring. "The Yankee Consul" is the result of a second dramatic attempt.



Hall ESTELLE EARLE ORRIN JOHNSON KATHERINE KENNEDY DAVENPORT SEYMOUR FRANK LANDER

SCENE IN THE THIRD ACT OF "THE RULING POWER," AT THE GARRICK.

tions and limitations of the drama. People do not go to the theatre necessarily merely to be amused, but they do go to be entertained. They are not entertained by seeing a man brought in on a stretcher, after having been tossed from a swerving automobile, falling under the mesmeric influence of a physician who is called in, and thereafter, through four acts, giving an exhibition of "innocent" brutality toward his own wife. Eleanor Harwood, the wife, played by Mrs. Kennedy, suffers agonies in "gowns made by Barbour" and hats "made by Brendel." Her heart is wrung by a number of incidents, but they are all of the same kind, and there is no cumulative action in the play at all. It is practically the same thing throughout. Of course, there are opportunities for "acting," but if there is anything on the stage more abhorrent than mere acting, it has yet to be found. There can never be any real acting in a play unless that play contains action, and this play has too little of it. Inasmuch as the fault is with the play, it would be unjust to Mrs. Kennedy to say that she was not natural and capable. The play is entitled "The Ruling Power," which, the world over, in spite of kings and principalities, is commonly held to be Love. It is the love of the wife that finally overcomes the influence of hypnotism. Orrin Johnson played the hypnotic imbecile of a husband admirably.

A gaudy weed, swaying in the wind, upon which at times perches a song bird that sings daintily; a kaleidoscope of colors to delight a child—this is "The Tenderfoot" theatrical entertainment for the atomies of mankind. What cares the rounder for what he sees on the stage, when that which he sees off the stage, between acts, interests him more? What, forsooth, if the next morning he wot not of what he has beheld the night before? That is a part of his amusement, speculating, with laughter, on his experiences of the immediate past and totaling up his expense account to verify his vague remembrances, trying to reconstruct a chain of events by means of reckoning up his change. It is a brave world for the rounder who "goes to the theatre to be amused," and who, if he remembers anything, accounts it as rare humor that when Professor Zachary Pettibone's donkey retired demurely from the stage the poor beast had attached to his rear an automobile number. The "book" of this operatic comedy, at the New York Theatre, is by Richard Carle. Richard Carle is also the Professor Zachary Pettibone. He is also the owner of the piece and its stage manager. This reaching after omnipotence and omniscience, even though it be in a small field, is rarely entirely successful. It also leads to delusions of grandeur which are never dispelled so long as the box-office yields satisfactory returns. The real authors of these comic operas, or operatic comedies, are the costume makers, the ballet masters and the song writers. That "The Tenderfoot" is up to the standard of the present market may, perhaps, not be denied; but, unfortunately, that standard is declining all the time. A musical comedy like this, being successful from the box-office point of view, and being without art or truth, is a seeming victory for the theatrical anarchist.

The favor that has attended the production of "The Yankee Consul," book and lyrics by Henry M. Blossom, Jr., music by Alfred G. Robyn, is proof enough that theatre-goers are surfeited with idiotic so-called "musical comedy," with its everlasting sextette of faded blondes and lisping youths, and coarse horse play, and welcome a return to first principles, that is, to clean, sane operetta, with intelligent plot, melodious music, clever lyrics, in short, the classic form. The music Mr. Robyn

Otto Sarony Co.
MISS GERTRUDE McKENZIE
Now appearing in "The Wizard of Oz"

has written for "The Yankee Consul," while pleasing, at no time rises above the dull level of mediocrity. The days when the score of the operetta was deemed more important than the book have long gone. Where now are our Pinafores, our Grand Duchesses, our Erminies? Is it because the reward does not tempt composers of real creative power, or must we forever be content with the mere musical hack who simply rehashes a hundred airs, all know by heart and instantly recognize? Mr. Blossom's book is not so good but that it might be better. That, too, is a long way from the standard set by the late W. S. Gilbert, but it is superior to many of the librettos that pass muster nowadays. The real backbone of "The Yankee Consul," however, is the Consul himself, admirably played by that most natural comedian, Raymond Hitchcock. He is immensely funny as an American official stationed in San Domingo, where he has all sorts of adventures with the natives. Mr. Hitchcock is well supported by Miss Flora Zabelle, an exceptionally pretty young woman, who dances and sings well, and also by Miss Rose Botti and an unusually well-drilled chorus. Mr. Savage has given the piece a sumptuous setting.

Considering all that was promised, the Century Players did not quite realize the high standard fixed for them. In extenuation, it will be admitted that the stage of the Princess Theatre is too limited for their mere physical requirements; it was necessary to cut down the scenery in a way very sacrificial to perspective and effect, while, no matter how accomplished the individual players may be, it requires a firm and artistic hand to blend them into a homogeneous and smooth-working company. Shakespeare's delightful comedy, "Much Ado About Nothing," is such a simple, straightforward effort that mediocrity may not cloak itself in the veil of subtle reading or new interpretation. Tradition firmly fixed exacts a performance of smooth, interpretative merit. In this respect the Century Players disappointed. Their performance was sluggish and unpolished. The movement was heavy and the sparkling wit snapped but intermittently. It was a perfunctory rendering, lacking in imagination and gracious appreciation of its noble worth. As Beatrice, that joyous embodiment of feminine good humor and raillery, that delightful characterization of a woman healthy in mind and body, Miss Jessie Millward acted with the abundant technique which comes from long training in sound schools. It must be admitted that she received but feeble inspiration from William Morris, whose Benedict was soggy and severe. Boyd Putnam's Don Pedro was haply gay and spirited, and Theodore Robert's Leonato instinct with dignity, feeling and repose. As Hero, Florence Rockwell was somewhat colorless, and Frank Hatch as Dogberry was only conventionally effective. The best reading and the best performance in detail of every kind was Geo. C. Boniface's personation of Friar Francis. The scenery by John H. Young was well painted and handsome, and the costumes were rich and in excellent taste. The allegory which preceded and in which Art, Tradition and Progress indulged freely in platitudes, might have been profitably dispensed with.

The French Opera Company of New Orleans, which recently visited New York, hardly came up to the expectations formed of this well-known troupe. Their non-success was largely due to an unfortunate chain of circumstances, such as lack of sufficient capital, which resulted in no performance on the third night of the engagement. "La Juive" was the opening bill, and, introducing such excellent singers as MM. Mikaelly and Gauthier, it was a pity to see the efforts of these artists marred by an inadequate orchestra and imperfectly drilled chorus. On the following evening, Mme. Bressler-Gianoli made a distinct success as Carmen, and we hope to hear her here again. The singers as a whole were above the average, and several among them are well-trained artists, both from the vocal and dramatic standpoint.

As a supplement to Bernard Shaw's delicious study of character, "Candida," that enterprising young manager and thoughtful actor, Arnold Daly, recently presented "The Man of Destiny," by the same author. The full value of this little piece was somewhat obscure, coming as it did after two hours of dialogue written so much in the same vein. The constant explosion of paradoxical verbal firecrackers and keenly analytical torpedoes was bewildering. It was a strain on the grey matter, for one had to follow with the rarest attention every word if he would enjoy to the full the grasp of the satire and the plenitude of the philosophy. How weak and vulnerable the strongest man is, especially at the hands of charming woman, was the study, with Napoleon at the age of twenty-five as the central figure. Mr. Daly's composition of the character was admirable. The externals were carefully presented, and the subtle changes in the moods of the man, who would dominate by sheer strength, were delineated with splendid variety and telling force. The lady as presented by Miss Dorothy Donnelly, lacked some of the exquisite charm which Shaw's brilliant stories called for, but it was an agreeable and careful effort. Later on, Miss Grace Merritt, a pretty girl who gives promise as an actress, essayed the same part with success.

FERDINAND GOTTSCHALK
A clever and popular comedian, recently seen in "Glittering Gloria" at Daly's

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THREE AMERICAN BEAUTIES RECENTLY SEEN ON THE METROPOLITAN STAGE

Mr. Carnegie and the Endowed Theatre

ANDREW CARNEGIE, multi-millionaire and philanthropist, has declared himself frankly in the matter of the proposed endowed theatre. He says that when a theatre needs help it is a sign of weakness.

In this we quite agree with Mr. Carnegie. The drama in America is pitifully anaemic, and as urgently in need of sustenance as our libraries and hospitals. Mr. Carnegie declares further that he does not believe in endowed theatres because they are not a success, and never can be. The only way to endow a theatre, he adds, is to buy tickets at the box office.

It is evident from the foregoing that Mr. Carnegie uses the word "Success" only in the sense of invested capital producing profits. From this standpoint, even the Comédie Française must be accounted a failure, for its books have at times shown a deficit. And yet the Comédie Française, the first of the endowed theatres, is not only the most famous playhouse in the world, but one of the glorious institutions of France which her sister nations may well envy. Enjoying an annual subsidy from the State of $48,000, in addition to a monumental building free of rent, it has never paid in the commercial sense, and, without the financial assistance it receives, would probably have to suspend operations. It was not expected to pay. That is why it was endowed. Yet even Mr. Carnegie must admit that what the Comédie Française has done for the art education of the French people and the development of the French drama is incalculable, and he is well aware that the House of Molière owes its prestige to the plays which it has been enabled to produce and the genius which it has been enabled to encourage by means of the financial assistance it has received for the last two hundred years. Mr. Carnegie might as well say that the Postoffice Department of the United States is an absurd institution because it is run at a loss at times. What of our public schools? How is the sordid business man going to arrive at the exact number of dollars and cents they bring into the country? If education pays, why should not the individual pay for it?

Perhaps Mr. Carnegie may contend that the French people are a more art-loving people than we are. Granting it, then the need of an endowed theatre is all the more imperative. The continental races are more artistic for the very reason that they are born and bred in an atmosphere of art, in lands where art and literature are cultivated and fostered by endowment. How comes it that Mr. Carnegie, so firm a believer in the endowment of libraries, cannot realize what a potent educational factor would be a theatre conducted on academic lines, where there would be standards of correct speech and taste, accurate costuming, and where the younger generation might become acquainted with the great classics of the English-speaking drama?

Mr. Carnegie must himself see that on this question he stands with a small minority among enlightened people. The only persons who have publicly agreed with him thus far are Mr. Marc Klaw and Mr. Daniel Frohman, the latter expressing the surprising opinion in the *New York Herald* that "the endowed theatre is only a fad for wealthy people." On the other hand, Sir Henry Irving, Augustus Thomas, Mme. Modjeska, Ben Greet, Henry Miller, Richard Mansfield, Clyde Fitch, Bronson Howard, E. H. Sothern, Wilton Lackaye, John Drew, Otis Skinner, Recorder Goff, Heinrich Conried, Julia Marlowe, and Edwin Markham, are convinced that in the endowed theatre alone lies the salvation of the American stage.

"The dark age of English dramatic literature seems to be at hand," says Bronson Howard. "If we do not have some kind of an endowed theatre soon, either by popular subscription or the gift of wealth, the English dramatic classics will be lost to us. The average business man, more than fifty years old, who goes to the theatre, is familiar with them, but his thirty-year-old son and his daughter know nothing about them. All the beautiful masterpieces of English dramatic literature, from Shakespeare's time down to the middle of the nineteenth century, have been utterly neglected for the last ten or twenty years. I can't believe that we shall let these gems be lost. The only way to preserve them is in an endowed theatre."

In face of ignorance, prejudice, indifference, the light will ultimately prevail. The National Art Theatre Society, which to-day numbers 1,050 members, will undoubtedly succeed in its object—that of erecting and endowing an ideal repertoire theatre devoted to adequate performances of the great classic and standard plays. It may take five years, it may take ten, but the Society is already rendering splendid service in the cause of the higher drama by educating and stimulating public opinion in the desired direction.

A. H.

Photo, White

THE CENTURY PLAYERS IN SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

From left to right, J. W. Albaugh, as Claudio; Theodore Roberts, as Leonato; Miss Florence Rockwell, as Hero; William Morris, as Benedick; Boyd Putnam, as Don Pedro; Miss Jessie Millward, as Beatrice; Henry Stockbridge, as Balthazar; and Martin C. Alsop, as Don John.

Do Audiences Demand Happy Endings?

WHAT is the object for which the average person, or, speaking locally, the American Optimist, goes to the play? Not for instruction of the head, not for expansion of the mind, not for elevation of the soul, least of all for the propagation of art. He, she, or it—especially it—buys permission to sit stiffly hemmed in for three hours on one chair with the dire determination of being amused.

Amusement is but a synonym for diversion, this for pleasure, this again for satis faction, this finally for "having a good time." The most deadly method of ensuring a good time is to see "The Six Little Stenographers," words by John Smithson, music by Smith Johnson. All through "The Six Little Stenographers," A. O. laughs loudly and applauds assiduously.

The piece happily ended, A. O. hies to a public eating house, partakes hopefully of seething Welsh Rarebit, ice cream, and boiling coffee; then dramatically and gastronomically delighted, smiling wends the homeward way. On the morrow ensues an exchange of precious thoughts, concerning that immortal masterpiece, "The Six Little Stenographers," which harp th' extremest chords of vocal eloquence from "The greatest thing you ever saw!" to "The greatest thing you ever seen!" For the play was full of jokes, and at the last each of the (or "them") six stenographers, who could sing and dance "real cutely," vowed eternal troth to a sweet young man certain to make a fortune by selling skates to the Filipinos.

RUDOLF CHRISTIANS

The Prussian Royal actor, who is now playing with Ferdinand Bonn at the Irving Place German Theatre, New York. Herr Christians is a popular member of the Berlin Royal Theatre and is generally seen in romantic parts. Five years ago he was especially brought over to New York by Mr. Conried to play the King's Son with Agnes Sorma in "Koenigskinder."

Whatever the qualities of a piece, the aforesaid American Optimist demands a "happy ending," by which is generally meant the promise of at least one marriage. If a post-matrimonial sixth act were added, by way of epilogue, our sanguine friend would be obliged to acknowledge that what had seemed a happy ending was really the ending of happiness. But bless you! who ever, in this land of easy divorce, thinks of that unplayed sixth act?

Mr. Shakespeare, always writing for popularity and cash, gave "Measure for Measure" an ending apparently happy. In the sixteenth century it was not harder to humbug an audience than it is now, and nobody knew better than Mr. Shakespeare that neither Angelo's union with Mariana nor Claudio's with Juliet could in the run of nature prove a condition of bliss, since no man ever brings felicity to a woman he weds against his will.

He, Shakespeare, was fully aware that the average person of his own day went to

MISS GRACE MERRITT

Clever young actress recently seen as the dispatch-stealing lady in "A Man of Destiny."

the "Globe" for diversion, pleasure, satisfaction. When it was inexpedient to gratify the "happy ending" delusion by means of earthly marriage, William cogently calculated that the next best thing was to despatch the lovers to the vague realm whence "no traveller returns" and therefore cannot betray the result of marriages made in heaven. He, William, never scrupled as to the manner of satisfying the spectator: the most highly renowned, and, in popular opinion, most perfect of love dramas concludes with a glorification of suicide—the "selfslaughter" which the convenient William elsewhere brands "cowardly and vile."

The solutions of "Egmont" and "Kabale und Liebe" show how Goethe and Schiller also understood that, if fate prevented the union of loving couples here below, then the poet's business was to arrange as he might their translation to another sphere, where they could be supposed to celebrate a honeycycle of a billion centuries.

Gratification less direct is offered by the conclusions of dramas like "Le Roi S'amuse" and "La Dame aux Camélias." However, the spectator is pleased with Blanche's sacrifice and Marguerite's on the altar of love. Did Marguerite Gautier not perish in poverty, but continue to live in luxury with de Varville, then would A. O.—and his foreign kin—be left unsatisfied, would not have had a good time. Spanish honor decreed it impossible for a maiden to wed the slayer of her sire. And who would not stand by such a sentiment? Nevertheless, pliant old Father Corneille figures out a rosy hope that bold Rodrigue will return, after conquering the Moors, to clasp beautiful Chimène in his arms. Even such tragedies as "Julius Cæsar" and "Macbeth,"—no tales of soft amours,—though they may arouse inward conflictions, are sure to be sealed with public approval at the curtain's final fall. But how go home contented after witnessing so much bloody violence? Because, in the canting popular phrase, "poetic justice is done." Well now, Mr. Shakespeare never believed nor wrote that any passion for justice consumed the heart of the average person—for whom his plays were made. No, the endings of "Julius Cæsar" and "Macbeth" create a pleasant emotion because they satisfy an instinct far stronger in man than thirst for poetry or hunger for justice—appetite for revenge.

All manner of things that in real life we class under folly, error, vice, or crime, and frowningly profess to abhor as such, at the theatre we regard with indulgent complacency or even approving pleasure. And how could it be otherwise, viewing the purpose of our presence at the play? What do we live for, if not the gratification of our wishes, our appetites, the attainment of satisfaction? So let us, like A. O., relish these happy endings dished up by Shakespeare, Corneille, Dumas, John Smithson. Let us have a good time, and enjoy the supper of seething Welsh Rarebit, ice cream, and boiling coffee.

LIONEL STRACHEY.

Gabriele D'Annunzio's New Drama.

A NEW tragedy by Gabriele D'Annunzio, the Italian poet, is now in rehearsal by Eleanora Duse and will be produced shortly in Milan. Entitled "Jorio's Daughter," and a story of passion, superstition and fanaticism, it bears a strong family likeness to Sardou's new drama, "The Sorceress," described in these columns last month. Mila, daughter of a magician, is believed to be a witch. Persecuted by the fanatical peasants, she takes refuge with a wedding party and the young bridegroom, Aligi, takes her part, driving out her pursuers. Love is born of this friendship. Aligi leaves his bride and goes with Mila into the mountain to tend his sheep. Their love is still platonic, and Aligi is thinking of going to Rome to obtain a release from his marriage, when his father appears and makes improper advances to Mila. Enraged, Aligi kills his father and he is condemned to die, but Mila saves his life by taking the guilt on herself, she declaring that she had bewitched the parricide. And Mila dies, none suspecting the sacrifice, not even the man she loves.

Hall

ARNOLD DALY AS NAPOLEON IN "A MAN OF DESTINY"

How Theatres are Managed

No. 1. THE BOX OFFICE MAN.

Photos by Joseph Byron, N. Y.

EARLY last August the treasurer of one of the Broadway theatres was opening the front door of the closed playhouse when a friend accosted him.

"What! Going to open the house already?" asked the friend.

"Well, not exactly," replied the ticket seller; "we don't open until the end of September. I'm just filing my orders for seats."

Byron, N. Y.
Familiar scene at the box-office window

All of which means that the "box-office man" was breaking into his vacation because of the eagerness of the New York public to obtain good seats for the new plays of the forthcoming season. This treasurer had over a hundred orders for the opening performance, some of which came from Europe, where patrons among the resorts of Norway or Switzerland were already planning their autumn enjoyment at home. Some of the orders were for seats for every performance, and nearly every one was accompanied by a check making the payment far in advance. Still others asked this treasurer to request other box-office men in the chain of houses of his management to do the same at their respective ticket offices.

In cities of lesser size, where theatre-going is considered a luxury, or where the appearance of some star of great popularity is the family's solitary dramatic event in the entire playgoing season, this procedure may seem amusingly odd. But the average New York theatre-goer takes his amusement seriously. It is, indeed, part of his regular life. To miss the new plays, the openings of the principal houses, or the recurring appearances of the big stars, would be entirely out of keeping with the social order of things, according to his view. Then, too, even in the summer when the playhouse has become a burden and the alfresco show is the vogue, there still comes that never-resting, always predominant and irresistible desire that is so potent in the movement of the New Yorker—the answer to that question which always comes with the lighting up of the electric signs, "What shall we do to-night?" So it is this custom which brings to the box-office its first activity of the incoming season.

The box-office is that part of a theatre with which the public comes most in contact, and, as is the case with most things used daily by the public, is little understood as far as its inner working is concerned. Laying aside any of the frequent discussions about the theatre and its mission, to the man who has to shoulder all the expenses of the enterprise it is the box-office that tells the story. Architecturally it is a very small place, and it is often stuffy, except in the case of the new theatres where a great deal of attention has been shown to the construction and fitting up of these places where tickets are sold. The principal part of a box-office is the little window where the theatre-goer faces the man who has the piece of pasteboard which, when purchased, secures both admission and a seat.

The personnel of the box-office comprises two men. One is the treasurer of the theatre, who is generally, if not always, the principal ticket seller. He has an assistant and he has been an assistant himself. In a great many cases the assistant has been a head usher, and, as the biography of many managers would show, this position has also been the starting point of some of the best-known and most successful men who stand high in the theatrical business to-day. While, of course, there is a manager or a representative of the management always about the front of the house, it is the ticket seller who has most to do with the buying public. It is he who takes their money, and, as a rule, he is the man to get all the business of the evening, whether it be something pleasant to say about the "show," or the melancholy recital of a wail that seats are behind a post In course of time, he becomes a diplomat —a diplomat of silence. A famous

Byron, N. Y.
Box-office man laying out his stock of tickets

manager once said: "If a patron comes to you and makes a complaint, and is reasonable about it, give him the best end of the argument. If he is unreasonable, be polite, but silent."

After the ticket seller has returned for the opening of the season and filled all his orders, his first step for business is to secure his tickets. One big concern in the east prints nearly all the theatre tickets used. This printing house has the diagrams of all the houses, and so well is each handled that only a day usually expires between the sending of a telegraphic order for a set of tickets and their shipment from the factory. The tickets are printed in sheets, cut by machinery, and put up in bundles according to location—orchestra, orchestra circle, balcony, and gallery, there being a different color for each section. If two theatres adjoin, the ticket sellers generally make an arrangement to have different colors that will not conflict, so that the door-keeper of one house will not admit those persons who have made a mistake and intend to enter another. The tickets are boxed according to weeks, and it is the custom to keep from four to six weeks ahead.

The ticket seller invariably counts the tickets as soon as they are received, for they are cash as far as he is concerned. It is the standing offer of the firm printing the tickets to give a prize to any ticket seller finding an error in their work, and so careful are they in the execution of these tickets that it would be difficult to find any instances of where the prize has been collected.

The sale of seats opens a week before the engagement in some theatres, but it is more apt to be on the Thursday preceding the Monday of the opening. Before the sale opens, the seats for the newspaper critics are taken out and turned over to the press representatives. These are always the same seats, and a record is kept of them in the treasurer's book. They are punched to show that they were not paid for, this being done to make the final count come out correctly. Next, the orders for seats are looked after, and to those who have sent checks the seats are mailed, while regular patrons are notified that their seats are ready. However, none are ever released from the box-office until the day of the sale.

In this regard it is interesting to note that every good ticket seller knows his regular patrons. He is aware of the desire of a certain gentleman to have his seats always in the first row, another who likes to sit in the first row of the circle because it is raised, and still others who have preferences as to locations or distances from the stage. In every prominent New York theatre there will be found at every opening night people who have had the seats for opening nights for as long a period as twenty years. Ticket sellers have come and gone, but the book with these desired seats is still kept in the safe, and the preferences carefully adhered to. It is the wise ticket seller who makes friends this way, not only for himself, but for his management, for there is in the make-up of every man or woman just enough vanity to feel pleased when they hear the box-office man say, as they step out from a long line of people:

"Why, how are you, Mr. So-and-So? Here are your regular seats."

And if it is helpful, and there is every reason that it should be, to have your audience in a good humor, the actor owes it to the ticket man for starting the audience off comfortably before the overture begins.

When the sale begins, the box-office man places his tickets for the performance of that night nearest to him, while at his side are those of the next four weeks. In some theatres large racks are constructed that lift and lower, and which contain the tickets properly racked for six weeks to come. With a big success the treasurer and his assistant will sell to a line all day, and each person will want seats for a different performance. Some theatres are entirely sold out this way long before the night of the performance, while others depend largely on a window sale at night. It is always said that the ticket seller that can handle successfully the long line that is buying between a quarter to eight and the opening-up

Byron, N. Y.

The polite box-office man showing a purchaser the location of his seats

Byron, N. Y.

Door-keeper at the Empire Theatre, New York, with the urbane Mr. Shea, house manager, on the left, and a page opening the door leading to the auditorium.

Marceau KATHERINE KENNEDY

Wife of a New York business man, and who recently made her debut at the Garrick Theatre, in a new play, entitled "The Ruling Power."

time, is the man of skill. His buyers are in a hurry, and he has to keep every wit about him. A good ticket seller usually holds his position for life. The salary is about $2,000 a year.

It looks very easy to sell tickets, but it isn't. The good ticket seller has a number of things to look after. Among these is the dressing of his house. He sells along from side to side and through the center with the idea always in front of him to have his house looking well. If he is selling out, it is easier. Sometimes he has difficulty in getting rid of the high-priced seats. Here is where his skill comes in, for there is as much skill in selling tickets as there is in selling silk. If you go into any store to buy something for a dollar, the shop-keeper is a very bad salesman if he does not politely persuade you to buy a still better article for a dollar and a half. So the ticket seller who really understands his business is proving it if he can get you to buy a two-dollar seat when you only intended to buy one for a dollar.

Here is where his exchange checks come in. He has above him in a rack a series of slips of stiff pasteboard, on which are printed the word "Exchange," and amounts ranging from 25 cents to a dollar and a half. These are used after this manner: A man may buy a seat for a dollar, and, after going in, change his mind and want a two-dollar seat. The stub of the dollar seat has already been dropped in the tin box at the door, and represents that much money in the house. The buyer pays another dollar, returns his door check and gets an exchange check for a dollar, with a two-dollar coupon. The treasurer retains the stub of the ticket, for this is equivalent to two dollars when the count is made. When the exchange check is dropped into the box, it adds to the dollar stub already there another dollar, and the seat is paid for. The man at the window also sells what he calls "hard tickets," and what the public knows as "general admissions." But the selling of these does not bother him, for when no seat is attached there is no discussion over the diagram with the prospective purchaser. And in this regard every ticket seller prefers a man buyer to a woman, for the latter will always linger over the diagram picking out seats with that same ease that she would a silk dress, with an impatient crowd of women back of her anxious to do the very same thing.

The box-office is kept open from nine in the morning until ten at night. The treasurer, in addition to his ticket selling, also keeps his books, in many instances attends to the banking and paying of money, besides the nightly work of making-up his statement of the night's business, with added information giving the advance sale for the next performance. It is this statement that tells the manager which road he is taking, the one that leads to long runs and prosperity, or the one to the storehouse and another deal with an author.

The counting of the house is made about nine o'clock, or a little after, each evening, when the ticket seller turns his window over to his assistant. He first gets his count in the rough. All of the tickets not sold are taken out of the rack, counted according to prices, and the number marked on the bundle. To this lot are added the stubs of tickets where coupons have been torn off for exchanges or given out with passes. This is what the box-office man calls his "deadwood." On a slip of paper he then writes down the number of seats he has in the theatre and the price. From these numbers, which represent the capacity of the house, he subtracts what he has in his "deadwood." The result is multiplied by the price of the seat in each location, the figures added, and he has about struck a total of the money taken in that night. Then, in the presence of a representative of the attraction, the boxes at the various doors are opened and the tickets counted.

The treasurer's statement is sent to the manager, and the one he keeps in his book shows this business in detail. From it the manager not only learns what business he has done, but he can tell what his show is drawing. For, say what they may about commercialism, the box-office is the thermometer. If a play opens Monday night to a certain amount of money, and this amount goes up Tuesday, why does not it show something? At any rate, it shows what the people want. WELLS HAWKS.

(To be continued.)

Hall THOMAS W. ROSS

Clever young character actor, who has met with great success this season as "Checkers," in Henry M. Blossom, Jr.'s dramatization of his popular story.

As Alice, of old Vincennes

As Lady Leinster

As Iris

Virginia Harned—A "Material" Actress

(Chats with Players No. 25)

"WE telephone each other every night after the play, at half-past twelve." The speaker was Virginia Harned, in private life Mrs. Edward H. Sothern. She and the writer were discussing marriage in its relation to art, especially the histrionic art. The actress believes that every artist must settle for herself the question whether marriage fosters or hinders her art. She insists that it is an individual question.

"After all you will do what you are to do," she said with a thoughtful smile, thus setting herself down as a fatalist, which, with charming candor, she admitted she was.

Her own marriage has been triumphantly successful, a very model of a marriage, that makes the necessary absences of herself and her star spouse from each other poignantly painful.

"These separations are the tragedies of stage life," said Miss Harned. Then, with the quick, child-like change of mood of the artist, she added: "But we telephone each other every night after the play, at half-past twelve. We talk from New York to Philadelphia, or Washington, or Chicago. Whenever we are within reaching distance we have our midnight chat."

"What about?"

Miss Harned dimpled and blushed a little. "Usually not very romantic subjects," she answered. "Each says to the other: 'How are you?' We ask each other, 'What sort of a performance did you have?' And by that time Central is sure to say: 'Time's up,' and I can hear the jingle of some more money to propitiate the telephone company. We always pay about three times before we have finished our chat."

Unlike that other star with a luminary for a husband, who said she had not learned dramatic art from him because it cannot be taught, Virginia Harned says she owes more than she has the power to estimate to her first three years in Mr. Sothern's company.

"Such foolish stories as they tell about our first meeting!" She laughed girlishly at the remembrance.

"One newspaper said that after that meeting I said: 'I'm going to marry that man.' The facts aren't half as interesting.

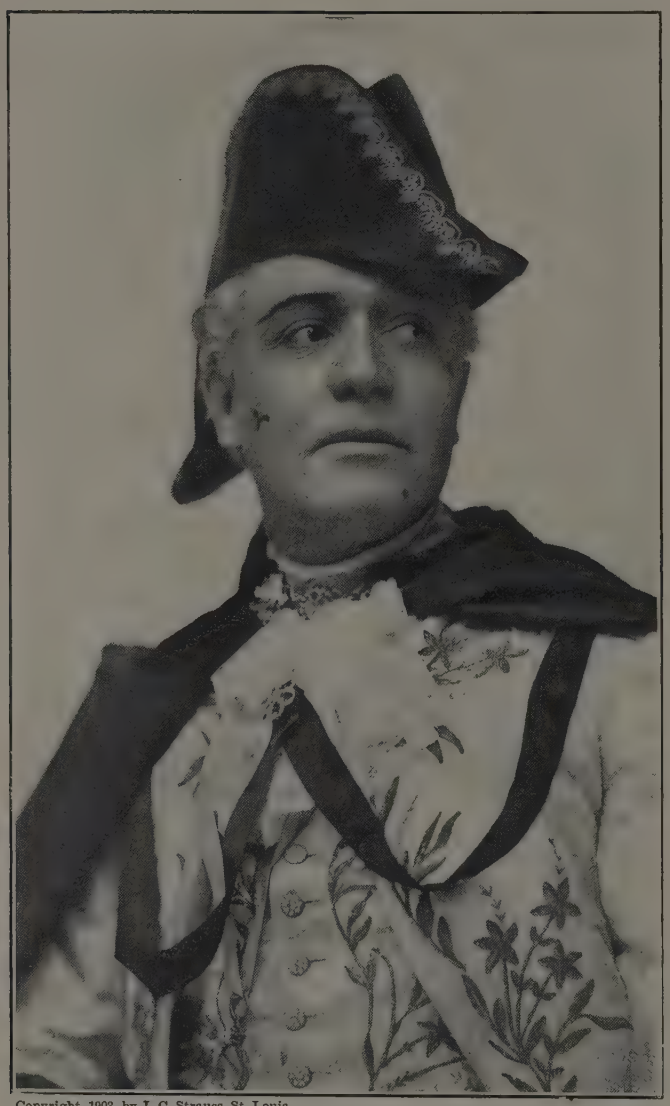
"I had been playing in 'A Long Lane' at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. The play was not a success. It only ran for five weeks, but it helped me. I had a good part, that of a comedy actress, and the last week of the engagement I was asked to go to Mr. Daniel Frohman's office. I was there ahead of time, as happens with aspiring young women, but early as I was, Mr. Sothern was there before me. There had been an accident at New Rochelle, and he was injured, so it happened that the first time I met Mr. Sothern he was on crutches. Mr. Frohman introduced us, and, turning to Mr. Sothern, said:

" 'Do you think she is too tall?'

" 'Stand up!' said Mr. Sothern. I obeyed, but I 'scrooched' down as much as I could without attracting attention.

" 'What is your height?' Mr. Frohman asked.

"There and then I told a dreadful fib. My height is about five feet six inches, and I told them—I don't remember what, but ever so much less.



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OTIS SKINNER as Charles Surface.

"'Do you think she is too tall?' Mr. Frohman asked again.

"'No, I think I can hold up my head as high as that!' And for that answer I blessed Mr. Sothern.

"But my mind was taken up with art and an engagement. He seemed to me embodied art. I did not think of him as a man until afterwards.

"I was engaged as his leading woman. But it was odd—wasn't it?—and most unpoetic, that the first time I saw 'E. H.' he should be on crutches, and that the first time he saw me I should tell him a dreadful fib about my height!"

Although Miss Harned insisted that it was a matter of individual opinion—this question of the marriage of artists—what she did not say, quite as much as what she did, proved her an advocate of the marital tie.

"We are all human, and it is human to love, and if we love, marriage is the only way."

So she summed it up.

In the exquisite green and white and silver drawing-room on the second floor of the Sothern home, No. 37 W. 69th St., was a tall pearl and silver vase, from which flamed a dozen jacqueminot roses. When the interviewer was summoned to the library above, she found sitting before the fire, her hand shading her eyes from the firelight, her feet upon a leopard skin, a jacqueminot rose humanized.

Virginia Harned's beauty is of the imperishable sort. So intensely vital is this young woman that she glows as the jacqueminot. She is so thoroughly alive that she will always be young. One cannot imagine anything but a great grief aging her. And yet her beauty has a delicacy of its own that will bear as close inspection as does a flawless alabaster vase. Her complexion is of purest white and softest pink, "laid on" by Nature's own, nice hand. Her eyes are blue as the heavens on a cloudless day. Her blonde hair, in pretty disorder because she had obligingly tumbled out of the bath to see the writer, was pure gold in the firelight. Her wrists and throat were perfection. She is the only American woman I ever knew who wears a kimona gracefully, and hers, a soft mingling of the blue of her eyes, the pink of her cheeks, the embroidered flowers and birds looking like real visitors from the Orient, a poet might rhapsodize over.

"Yes, it is nice," she said, with the one part stateliness and nine parts girlishness that make up the chatelaine of this handsome home near the park. This was in answer to a word of praise; then she broke out with:

"If I were such a material woman as the critics say, why don't I stay here and eat and drink and sleep and enjoy this home, instead of going about the country playing one-night stands? I could do it, if I chose, but it wouldn't content me. If 'E. H.' could be at home always, yes, I could be very happy here, but when he must be on the road, I would rather be active, too.

"What do they mean by a 'material type?'" she persisted. "A woman who likes luxuries? Yes, I like them, but I could very easily do without them. I think the critics have called me 'material' because I have played some 'material' parts, but I have played some that were not. For instance, in 'The Sunken Bell,' and I don't think Lady Ursula was very 'material.' Even Iris was not 'material,' if by that term they mean gross. She was only weak and luxury-loving and easily influenced.

"Perhaps they mean temperamental. But there are women of temperament who are not coarse, and I suppose materialism implies coarseness. What is temperament? Something indefinable. We all know it when we meet it, but I don't think any one has fully defined it. The impulsive person has temperament. The emotional person has it. It is not magnetism, for I have known persons who had magnetism, and yet who had not a particle of temperament. Sarah Bernhardt has temperament tremendously, but, oh, how she guides and directs its forces with her intellect! The actor who has temperament without technique is very badly off, and temperament without balance is liable to drive its owner far astray.

"After all," she continued, "a woman is not all one quality. That is what I have told Justin McCarthy and other authors when we have talked about plays. Don't harp on one note. Write a character in half a dozen keys, and you have a woman. She has the material element, and the spiritual and the intellectual. The man who loves her would not have her always any one of these. She is one at a time, according to mood and circumstance."

By one of those tricks of birth, Miss Harned is a Boston girl, although she bears the indelible stamp of the South. Her parents were born in Alexandria, Virginia, and they gave to their younger daughter the name of their native State. She was educated in part in Boston, but for three years attended a school in London. She went on the stage ten years ago, "from necessity," she explained, "but it was more pleasant than most necessities, for I had always liked the stage.

"Ten years of hard work, of one night stands, and, largely, of hotel life!" Her slippered foot played hide and seek absently with the leopard skin, and the blue eyes behind the screening hand were gravely reminiscent.

"My first part was Nisbe, in 'A Night Off,' and my first success, the critics said, was as Drusilla Ives in 'The Dancing Girl.' I don't know how many parts I have played. Dear, dear! ever so many!

"I liked Iris at first, but I got deadly tired of her the second year. She got on my nerves. I forgot my lines. It was dreadful. I am a young woman. If I were a veteran in 'the profession,' there might be some apparent reason for it.

"I wrote Mr. Frohman, and he put on 'The Light That Lies in Woman's Eyes.' Neither Mr. Sothern nor myself thought it a great play, but poor 'Iris' had been so hauled over the coals that we thought the public might like the change from a gloomy tragic play to something light and fantastic. That was all we ever claimed for it—that it was a light, clean, dainty fantasy. We did not ask any one to accept it as a great play."

This young actress—now a star herself—believes firmly in the starring system.

"This is a country where personality counts more than anywhere else in the world," she said. "I believe 'C. F.' (Charles Frohman) is right. He says a player becomes a star because he would be a leader in any other walk of life. The successful star has the inborn gift of leadership, the faculty of dominance. 'Some people are born to lead,' says 'C. F.,' 'and some not,' and I agree with him. America is peculiarly the country for stars. It is the actor they want in America. In London they have actor managers and manageresses, but in America they want stars. The ideal condition will be when the star is able to play three or four new parts a year.

"I give all my time to my dramatic work and my home," she went on. "I have no ambition to be a society woman. I could not, if I would, for only clever people amuse me. I'm easily bored, and when I'm bored, I show it; so you see I'd never be a social success. I gave a supper last night to a lot of clever people, and I enjoyed it very much; yet you see the result. I was so tired that I've been in bed nearly all day."

The actress yawned as she sank back into the depths of the arm-chair, and she sat in meditative silence watching the flames as they played in the polished grate. And as the reflected glow cast golden glints on her luxuriant hair, and heightened the pink and white color of her alabaster-like beauty, once more I was reminded of the jacqueminot rose.

ADA PATTERSON.

Photo, Byron ROSE BOTTI HARRY FARLEIGH RAYMOND HITCHCOCK SALLY McNEEL

SCENES IN THE "YANKEE CONSUL" AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE

THE GLORY OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE

BY

JULES CLARETIE

DIRECTOR OF THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS

and

MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY

The following is part of an admirable article written by Jules Claretie for the Manual of the National Art Theatre Society, which is now in the press and given here by courtesy of the Society. It shows what endowment has done for the glory and advancement of the French stage, and constitutes a powerful argument in favor of the establishment of a National Theatre in this country.—EDITOR.

M. DE FERAUDY
Character roles

THE Comédie Française is not, as generally believed, governed by the decree of 1812, known as the decree of Moscow, a decree essentially modified, moreover, by the decree of 1850, whose preparation was the work of eminent jurisconsults. The Comédie has lived gloriously since 1680 under the rule established by Molière himself and his co-workers, a rule recognized by Louis XIV., and which has made vital since the seventeenth century the democratic principle of Association so widely applied in the nineteenth century. The number of associates, the division of profits according to talent, the internal government of the Society, had all been admirably regulated by the founder of a House which is the glory of French dramatic art. An institution which has resisted the tests, and even the attacks, of two hundred and twenty-three years, is of the kind to be respected and admired. Molière was not only a great writer, but, as we see, a great organizer. The decree of Moscow is merely the codification of the uses and customs established by him, which aimed to recompense, according to service, every associate in the common task.

JULES CLARETIE
The Director is appointed by the government at a fixed salary

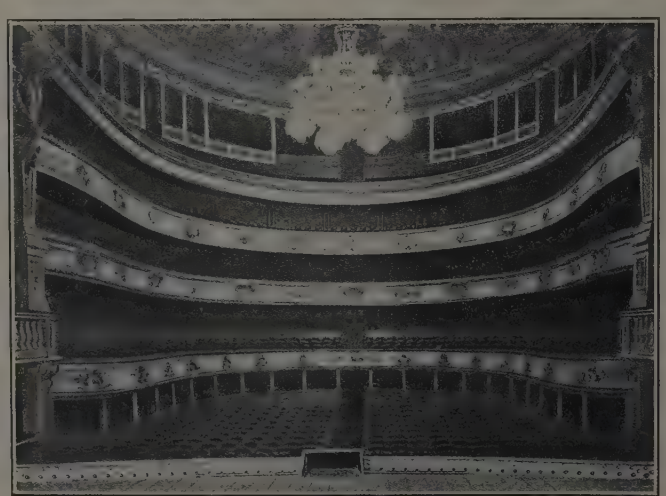
In the whole range of State institutions, the Comédie Française ranks with those that do most for the honor of France. To-day, while some Frenchmen are criticising it, the foreigner is vainly attempting to imitate it. The Administrator has a request for the rules of the Society from the King of Greece, who wishes to found an Athenian House of Comedy, and the King of Portugal is demonstrating his desire to establish a theatre on the basis of the Comédie Française. Every year brings similar demands. Outside of France they would imitate what we have the habit of criticising in France itself.

Not one of the many works published abroad concerning the Exposition of 1889 has failed to place the performances given by the Comédie Française in the front rank of the attractions which then made for the triumph of Paris and France. For our theatres, as for our writers, it may be said that Justice,—and posterity,—begin at the frontier. "The Comédie Française," says Emile Augier, "has, after the French Academy, the honor to be the only institution of the old régime, which deserved to survive it. It counts two centuries of existence—a longevity rarer and rarer among us. It is not only a national, but a historic monument, which is intimately bound up with the history of our literature."

At all times the Comédie Française has had to face attacks, now because it was making too much money; now because it was making too little, but ever it has gloriously kept on its way. One could fill a library with the books and pamphlets of a century past setting forth the crises and proclaiming the decline of the Comédie Française. This decline was a topic in the days of Préville: they were still talking of it in the times of Talma. They wrote about it in the times of Samson, of Régnier, of Provost. They repeated it in the days of Rachel. One should read in Laugier's "The Comédie Française since 1830" the lamentations of long ago. "The Comédie is ruined! the Comédie has no longer a troupe!" Yet it counted then among its Sociétaires—Samson, Ligier, Beauvallet, Geffroy, Régnier, Provost, Brindeau; and among its women, Desmousseaux, Mante, Anäis, Plessy, Brohan, Melingue, and Rachel.

M. TRUFFIER
Comic roles

So it went: blame always. Blame if the portions were large: the Comédie Française, according to some, should not be a money-maker. Blame if the portions were small: theatres that are



Interior of the Théâtre Français as it appears since the fire in 1900

COQUELIN THE ELDER
Who may return to the Francais

poor should not be subventioned, as others declared. The truth is, "that immense bee-hive which we call a theatre" should be prosperous. The first necessity of a theatre is that it should not show empty benches. Twenty-five or thirty years ago the associates contented themselves with portions ridiculously small. To-day, new custom helping, the artists must be given, at one stroke, the honor which attracts and the money which retains them.

The general expenses of the Comédie have grown with the years. Fifty years ago they were only 600,000 francs. They reach, they exceed, 1,600,000 francs to-day. Retiring pensions and relief charges have increased. Their present total, 157,247 francs, is more than double the endowment of 100,000 francs, which has shrunk to 73,000 francs as the result of successive conversions. It may, indeed, be said that the subvention is a minimum: even an unsufficing minimum, compared with the total charges of the great House.

MOUNET SULLY
Tragic roles

MME. BARETTA-WORMS

MME. CECILE SOREL
Leading comedy roles

Besides the Comédie is an institution which must not be confounded with the other subventioned theatres. It is in the hands of the State in the person of a minister, who delegates to an Administrator named by him the various powers with which he is vested. Its subvention, then, does not take the guise of pure benevolence like those of the other theatres. In bestowing it on the Comédie the State has taken guarantees: reserving to itself the right to direct it, with divers other advantages and compensations.

On its side, the Comédie propagates and spreads the traditions of the beautiful and of the great in art. By the number of seats that it gives away, and which, one year with another, runs from 130,000 to 150,000, representing a sum of from 600,000 to 800,000 francs, the Comédie believes it earns the right to say that it helps the diffusion of literature. If the students of rhetoric who yearly to the number of 2,052 attend gratuitously the Thursday matinées—an innovation of the present administrator—if the pupils of our high schools derive from the Comédie direct lessons which appreciably benefit them, surely the other classes of the Parisian population who are admitted free of cost to the evening performance (not counting the official free performances) enjoy in their turn a recreation which keeps them away from the cafés-concerts.

COQUELIN THE YOUNGER
Comedian

M. LE BARGY
Young leading roles

It has always been a matter of reproach that the Comédie was somewhat neglecting the classics in favor of the modern

Associates of the Comédie Française in 1864.

From left to right, are—Geffroy, Maubant, Mlle. Judith, Coquelin, Mme. Guyon, Mlle. Dubois, Maillart, Samson, Bressant, Mme. Brohan, Delaunay, Mlle. Figeac, Mme. Lafontaine, Mme. Arnould Plessy, Mlle. Favart, Lafontaine, Mme. Joussain, Leroux, Aug. Brohan, Got, Mlle. Nathalie, Monrose fils, Regnier, Talbot, Provost, Mlle. Bouval.

M. MAUBANT
(Tragedy)

M. WORMS
(Famous leading man now retired)

M. LAMBERT FILS
(Young leading roles)

MME. REICHEMBERG
(Famous ingenue now retired)

M. FEBVRE
(Character roles)

repertoire. Aside from the fact that the moderns, because they are alive, demand the playing and exploitation of their works, it is plain that, the more the modern repertoire of the Comédie grows, the less easy it is to exploit the classics. It is, however, not true that tragedy, for instance, is kept on the shelf. Never has it been played oftener than it is to-day. The figures speak for themselves.

M. GEORGES BERR
(Comedy roles)

"The necessity of keeping the old repertoire on the boards side by side with the new plays is one of the glorious conditions of the Théâtre Français, but at the same time it is one of its burdens," said the Administrative Committee on April 6, 1852, replying to the periodical complaint. "Masterpieces interpreted by the most perfect talent should not be performed too often if their charm and their repute would be conserved. Variety in the repertoire is as necessary to the actors, whose talent it makes supple and whose success it multiplies, as it is to the public whose pleasures it changes, while opening to their understandings the whole range of our dramatic riches."

These riches, let me repeat, have augmented from year to year. The plays of Hugo, de Musset, Augier, Dumas and Pailleron have been added within the past forty years to the list of long ago. Two theatres would scarcely suffice to keep the treasures of the Théâtre Français on the billboards. Amid all the material difficulties of its task, it is notable, however, that the Comédie does its duty to art. Of these difficulties, not the least, as I have said, is that the Administration must look out for the sure payment of its retiring pensions, whose total grows and threatens to grow still more. Certain artists are reaching the limit of their powers and must soon withdraw their share of the common fund, which is one of the resources of the annual budget. To reach a satisfactory result, the greatest prudence is, therefore, necessary.

Sometimes the Comédie is blamed for not opening its doors to young authors. The answer is easy. First of all, the Théâtre Français *has* brought out a considerable number of new authors, and the history of dramatic art is there to prove it. In the second place, it is less in the line of the Comédie Française to make experiments than to be the conservator of talent. Can it indeed be reproached with inactivity in the search for novelty when one of its latest programmes bore three works in verse by young poets of different schools, to-wit, "Les Romanesques" of M. Rostand, "Le Bandeau de Psyche" of M. Marsolleau, and "Le Voile" of M. Rodenbach? Besides, the Comédie has in its portfolios, "Frédégonde," a five-act drama in verse, by M. Dubout, an author whose work has never been seen on any stage; "Le Faune," a comedy in verse by a new author, M. George Lefevre; a piece by M. Pierre Wolff, a newcomer; a comedy by M. Paul Hervieu, and still other works by new authors. And it must be remembered that the Théâtre Français can only exceptionally turn to these experiments, because each one makes it harder to honor its deep obligations to the repertoire, old and new.

M. LAUGIER
(Leading roles)

Public Foyer of the Théâtre Français

"The first theatre in France," wrote Alexander Dumas, the elder, "exists to keep green the memory of our olden glories, and to bring into relief our new glories, but it cannot offer a channel wide enough for the multitude of dramatic attempts which are still groping their way in the night of art. Four pieces that succeed occupy the stage for a year."

Hall, N. Y. Ben Greet as Malvolio B. A. Field as Sir Toby Millicent McLaughlin as Maria John Sayer Crawley as Sir Andrew Aguecheek

"Twelfth Night" as Shakespeare saw it played

Ben Greet's experiment of presenting Shakespeare's comedy, "Twelfth Night," in the simple Elizabethan manner, that is, without change of scene and practically without intermission, did not have the same success which attended this English manager's production of the old morality play, "Everyman," and, in spite of expert players, the performance, a detailed criticism of which will be found on another page, was pronounced tiresome. The play, which is supposed to derive its name from the fact that it was given at a Twelfth Night entertainment, was first acted on February 2, 1601, in the Middle Temple Hall, London. The Elizabethan Stage Society of London has given the play in its original setting in the same hall of recent years, and Mr. Greet's production follows closely the same primitive lines. There is only one setting, the scene representing a large room scantily furnished, and with a curtained centre back. The difficulty the players have to contend with, in trying to convey to the audience the illusion that this bare room is in turn a seacoast, Olivia's house and garden, the Duke's palace and then the street, may be imagined. Musicians, also in the Elizabethan manner, are perched in a loft on the stage and perform during the progress of the play, and on each side of the proscenium arch an Elizabethan halberdier or "beef-eater" stands solemnly on guard.

THE DUEL SCENE Edith Wynne Matthison as Viola

Kitty Blanchard and Kate Claxton, the original two orphans.

This picture is of particular interest in view of the present revival of the famous French melodrama, "The Two Orphans," with an all-star cast. The play was first acted in America at the old Union Square Theatre, New York, on December 21, 1875, and the cast was as follows: Maurice de Vaudrey, Charles R. Thorne; Count de Linieres, John Parselle; Jacques Frochard, McKee Rankin; Pierre, F. F. Mackay; Marquis de Presles, W. J. Cogswell; Countess de Linieres, Fanny Morant; Sister Genevieve, Ida Vernon; Sister Therese, Hattie Thorpe; Picard, Stuart Robson; Marianne, Rose Eytinge; Louise, Kate Claxton; Henriette, Kitty Blanchard; La Frochard, Marie Wilkins. Kate Claxton has been playing the same part on and off for the past thirty years, and is still appearing in it on the road.

At present the theatre plays more than four pieces yearly, when some of them do not succeed, but it would do very well with one if it was a brilliant hit. It is not, therefore, on the Comédie that young beginners should count. It has, however, been blamed, not only for shutting itself tight against artistic experiments, but at times for favoring literary revolutions. When Baron de Taylor opened the stage door of the Rue de Richelieu to the dramas of Victor Hugo, the classic party cried out through their satirists: "The Théâtre Français is on the verge of decay." They compared the Français to the Ambigu, saying of Baron de Taylor: "Thanks to him the comedians will soon not know how to play comedy, and they cannot yet play melodrama."

One may read in the "Souvenirs Dramatiques" of Alexander Dumas a chapter entitled "The Subvention of the Theatre," wherein the author of "Henry III." refutes, in line with M. Thiers, the argument of the classic school against the Théâtre Français.

The classic school, represented by M. Charlemagne et Fulchiron, an old-time tragic author, whose name is preserved for us in "Les Guèpes" by Alphonse Karr, hurled several reproaches at the Comédie Française.

"The first reproach," said Alexander Dumas, "is that they no longer speak French at the Théâtre Français, and this reproach is specially directed at M. Victor Hugo!" At that time, too, M. Auguis declared that art should pay for art, that it was not the business of the deputies to mulct the departments for the pleasure of Paris,—the argument which one may find so wittily refuted by M. Thiers in the Parliamentary Debates.

Among the publicists who pinned their faith to M. Thiers for pleading the cause of the Comédie, it is amusing to meet Felix Pyat,* whose argument is eloquent and convincing. "The Théâtre Français is a national monument," he says, "and the question whether it should be subventioned by the Government is solved by the example of the past. There must be an immutable sanctuary to which dramatic art may safely confide its master-works. There must be a depository for the wealth of the French language—consequently, a large subvention, a generous and in every way liberal assistance. All the governments which the Comédie Française has seen succeed each other agreed upon sustaining it."

We must take care lest our comedians, tempted by the promise of higher pay, be not swept along with the industrial current which is carrying away the arts, and long for a freedom which would bring them great if fleeting profits, but would ruin one of the institutions of which our country is justly proud.

The examples of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and M. Coquelin have been evil. The railroads and the speculative managers are dangerous tempters. Our artists often fall in with the commercial view which seems so real on its face, forgetting the honors and the security which belong to the position of Associate. "I should be making such and such a sum if I did not belong to the Comédie Française," they say. They forget that the Comédie is the ideal theatre, *where young artists are made, and where the old are re-made.*

The Comédie remains in fine the cynosure for the admiration of foreigners, and, perhaps, also the envy of rival theatres. Within the past six years it has borne up against the loss of such artists as Delaunay, Thiron, Barré, Maubant, Madame Madeleine Brohan and Madame Joussain; the deaths of Madame Samary and Madame Montaland; the disappearance or silence of the accredited master-dramatists of the House, Emile Augier and Dumas. It has exhausted the répertoires of Hugo and de Musset, so full of resources fifteen years ago. It has sought to bring forward new authors and new actors. The administrator has put his trust in young actors who have since attained authority as well as success before the public. The Comédie lasts because it is lasting. Molière has not alone left us master-pieces; he has left the indestructible act of Association which has made the fortune of those for whom, while dying, he stood up to play. Thus he exemplified the devotion every Associate owes to an institution ever young despite its existence of over two hundred years of literary glory bound up with the history of our country.

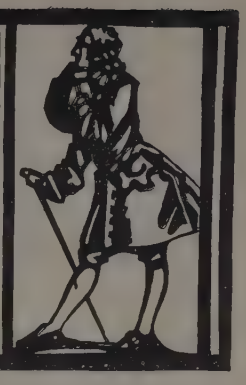
From the Tatler

UNKNOWN PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE

Considerable excitement has been caused in London by a recent sale, for the sum of £131, of what is believed to be quite a new portrait of Shakespeare, of which it is claimed that it was painted while he lay on his deathbed.

* Felix Pyat, famous Socialist

Dramatic Incidents in the Lives of Eighteenth Century Players



No. V. UNFORSEEN DÉNOUEMENTS

IN the eighteenth century, the policy of a theatre was dictated by its patrons and not by its manager. The prices charged, the plays produced, the actors hired, the rules of the house, were arranged by the public. To quarrel with the popular judgment was to assure the destruction of the interior of the theatre. The playhouses of London were sacked, time and time again, because managerial pride exceeded managerial discretion.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1763, says:

"On Tuesday, the 25th of this month, a printed paper was industriously dispersed in the Taverns, Coffee Houses, etc., complaining of the Managers of the Theatres refusing admittance at the end of the third Act of a Play, for half price: And at Drury Lane theatre, in the Evening, upon drawing up of the Curtain, when Messrs. Obrien and Holland began the Play, they were interrupted: upon which, Mr. Garrick came on the Stage and attempted to speak; but an uproar immediately began; and the Ladies withdrawing, the Benches were torn up, the Glass Lustres were broke and thrown upon the Stage, and a total confusion ensued, which prevented the Play from going on; and about nine the House was cleared, the Money being returned."

The next morning, the *Public Advertiser* published an address from the managers, who promised a speedy decision; that night Garrick yielded, knowing that if he refused to yield, a riot would be the inevitable result.

From an old engraving

AN UNPOPULAR ACTOR BEING PELTED WITH POTATOES

In 1747, a remarkable commotion was brought about by a license granted to some French strollers to appear at the Haymarket Theatre, in place of English actors who had been deposed. Word was spread that vengeance was at hand, and a crowded house resulted. The authorities sent two Westminster judges, Deveil and Manning, with a detachment of troops, to preserve order. As soon as the theatre was well filled, a man in the pit called for a song entitled, "The Roast Beef of England." Everybody responded, ending with lusty huzzas, whereupon Justice Manning took the audience to task.

"I am here," he said, "as a magistrate, to maintain the King's authority. Colonel Pulteny, with a full company of the Guards, is without to support me in the execution of my office. It is the King's command that the play be acted, and any obstruction is in opposition to the King's authority. If there is a disturbance, I must read the proclamation. after which all offenders will be secured by the troops."

"Sir," said a gentleman handsomely dressed in blue and gold, and wearing a sword with a gold hilt, "the audience has a legal right to show its dislike to any play or actor. The common law of the land is nothing but the ancient usage of the people, and the judicature of the pit has been acknowledged, time immemorial. Since these actors are to take their fate from the public, the public is free to receive them as best pleasures it."

At at that moment the French and Spanish ambassadors, with their wives, and Lord and Lady Gage, entered the stage box. The curtain arose and discovered the actors standing between two files of Grenadiers, with fixed bayonets. The pit stood up as one man.

"Sir," thundered he of the gold sword hilt to Justice Deveil, "since you own to the command, explain this outrage!"

"Sir," said the uneasy justice, "'twas by no direction of mine."

"Then order them off," cried half a score of voices.

"Shoulder firelocks!" said the officer commanding the detachment, in response to a sign from the justice. "Forward, to the left wheel, march!"

And away went the Grenadiers, amid catcalls and hoots. Fifes, flutes, horns, drums, fiddles, appeared amongst the audience as by magic, and such a din arose attempt was made to begin that the actors retired. An the performance with a dance by twelve men and twelve women, but bushels of peas rained upon the stage, and the dance was abandoned.

"Gentlemen," said Justice Deveil, standing upon his chair, "if you persist in this opposition, I must read the proclamation, but if you will permit the play to go on and be acted throughout this night, I promise, on my honor, to lay your dislikes and resentments to the actors before the King, and I doubt not a speedy end will be put to their acting."

"No treaties!" yelled the crowd. "No treaties!"

"Bring me a candle," said the justice, "and bid the Guards make ready."

But a gentleman seized his hands, saying:

"For God's sake, sir, do nothing rash! Can you not see the unanimous resolve of the house? Sir, if troops appear here,

'twill be the death of many of us, and the blood'll be on your head."

At this, Deveil, turning pale, owned defeat and left the theatre. The ambassadors and Lord and Lady Gage followed, and the curtain was rung down.

Two years later, the Haymarket Theatre was sacked to satisfy the rage of an immense crowd gathered to see "The Bottle Imp," which was a hoax planned by the Duke of Montague. His Grace had caused an advertisement to appear, stating that "on the 16th of January, a conjuror would jump into a quart bottle, at the Little Theatre, in the Haymarket." When the Imp failed to appear, the spectators made a bonfire of the benches, draperies, scenery, and effects. A general of the army had his handsome sword stolen from his hip, many lost their wigs—a good wig was worth ten pounds in those days—and dresses were torn from fair backs.

In all this—without pointing a moral—we may trace the influence of the punch bowl. To be sober after sundown was to risk one's good repute as a gentleman and a man of spirit.

AUBREY LANSTON.

Letters to Actors I Have Never Seen

Miss Millicent Moone

My Dear Mr. John Drew:

Wasn't it a shame? I came awfully near seeing you last week. I mean, of course, behind the footlights, and then just missed it. I went home to a cousin's wedding and saw it announced that Charles Frohman would "present" you in Captain Dieppe. My brother knows lots of actors and says they call it "Capt. Dippy." Was it as bad as that? But I wouldn't have cared if it had been rotten. Oh, excuse me! I ought not to use slang. Well, just as I'd arranged with a chum of mine—a girl, of course—to sneak off to the matinée, mamma found a friend of hers who was going East, and so I was bundled off here, back to school, twenty-four hours ahead of time. Now, wasn't that mean? And we were going to buy $1.50 seats, too! I guess Mr. Frohman will be sorry he lost that $3.00, for they say the season has been very bad; and that he and others want all the money they can get for their business.

I know if I saw you act I'd enjoy you immensely. I adore that bored expression you always wear. It suggests a thorough man of the world. And the way you fix your hair is so smart. I think you are awfully fortunate to have saved so much hair as you have, when so many younger men, if not as talented as you are, are compelled to wear false fronts. Do you use any patent tonic? I had a discussion with a friend about that. I said you didn't, and I argued that if you did there would be a great big picture of you having your head scrubbed on every elevated station in New York.

Of course, I read the THEATRE MAGAZINE, and so I'm well up in theatrical happenings. I hear that the original training Augustin Daly gave you to keep off Broadway affects you even to this day, and that you are never seen in bar-rooms or standing in front of the Casino telling your brothers-in-art what a good actor you are. That's awfully nice. I think modesty is a splendid virtue in man, as well as woman. I try to cultivate it. My brother says you're a great society pet, and that you have the entrée to all the best houses; that you call lots of scions of our oldest families by their Christian names. One day when I was driving in the Park, I saw you on your cob. I thought you looked just too cute for anything. A friend of mine told me she saw you once in a play in which you wore just the same kind of clothes. She's seen you a lot, but says she thinks you need a change of parts. For five years now, she declares, you've done nothing but prevent foolish and thoughtless young wives from taking the irreparable step. Those are her own words, for I don't exactly know what she means. She says she would like to see you naughty just once on your own account. But though I'm very fond of her, I think she's gone out so much she's become cynical.

JOHN DREW

But the picture of you on that cob lives in my memory yet, and what I'd love would be to have Mr. Frohman present you in a sporting comedy, in which you could appear on a pony in a polo match. They say you play very well, and have never yet broken your pony's ankles. Don't you think it a good suggestion? And I have not the slightest doubt that all the members of the Meadow Brook Club, your friends, would come up and take the place of ordinary supers.

They say you are awfully good to your family and relatives, and that one year there was hardly a member of your company who was more distantly related to you than as a first cousin. Were they easier to manage than real actors? Oh, by the way! do you know where I could get one of your lithographs—I mean that one of the vintage of 1890? Does Mr. Frohman look upon it as a mascot that he still puts it out? I shall see you next fall surely, even if I have to have the measles to get away from this stupid place. Very sincerely yours,

MILLICENT MOONE.

———Academy for Young Ladies,
———On-the-Hudson.

NEW INVENTION FOR COMPOSERS

An interesting discovery in musical technique has lately drawn the attention of musicians to William Thaule, an American composer who has invented a machine called "The Melodingraph," which can be attached to a piano or organ, and all music recorded by it can also be reproduced by an automatic, mechanical process, and thus the composer can at once judge for himself the effect his work will produce. The first patent for this invention will be issued by the Imperial patent office in Berlin, where the inventor resides. For more than a hundred years composers have tried to invent a machine that would write down the music instantly as played on the piano. But Mr. Thaule is the first who has been able to solve the problem and to give to the world a device of inestimable value.

Confessions of a Stage Struck Girl

The theatrical life truthfully described by Julia Wemple, a debutante

JULIA WEMPLE

AT last! at last! I am actually playing a real part in a real company!

How long have I waited for this day! It has been the dream of my life to be an actress ever since that day I first entered a theatre to see "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

How I envied the child who played Eva! When I returned home, I went about trying to be as good as she was, and even simulated her ill-health to such an extent that Aunt Nan dosed me with cod liver oil, which brought about a speedy recovery.

But every time I saw a play, I unconsciously modeled my behavior after one of the characters. I was never just myself. These changing moods must have been very trying to Aunt Nan, who was struggling to bring me up in the way I should go, but she never scolded, not even when my passion for imitation resulted seriously. Once, after seeing a performance in which an actress fell backwards and rolled quickly down a flight of stairs, I was moved to do likewise. This nearly dislocated my spine, and I spent several days on the sofa, swathed in arnica bandages.

My one childish game was "Theatre." I got up juvenile performances, which took place in empty barns, the admission being six pins or one penny. I learned recitations galore. When I entered High School, my class formed a dramatic club, and, being ambitious, engaged Mr. Cranton, an old and well-known actor, to direct us. We gave several performances under his direction. One night he patted me on the shoulder and said, "Do you know, I shouldn't be surprised if you had the real stuff in you." I was so happy I cried. That settled it. Those few words of encouragement were all that was needed to confirm my resolution to become an actress.

Uncle John raised an awful row, but Aunt Nan managed him beautifully. She always does, though Uncle John never suspects it. She advised him to humor me for a while, for she expected I'd be married before they realized I was grown up, and all this simply because Harold Gorham, a rich young classmate of mine, had called several times and sent me flowers whenever our club gave a performance.

"Married!" I echoed, indignantly. "The very idea! Any girl can get married; but I intend to become a great actress."

How to go about it, that was the important thing! I had no money of my own, and Uncle John had nothing but his salary, and I couldn't expect him to support me any longer. I decided to appeal to Mr. Cranton. I had read of celebrated actors who took talented pupils and taught them free of charge. But when I explained my plan to Mr. Cranton, he was not in the least impressed, and said he did not care to take private pupils. I insisted, almost pleaded. I offered to sign a paper promising to pay him any sum he would name, once I was a great actress.

He laughed. "I'm too old a man to take such a long chance as that. No, the only way to become an actress is to go upon the stage and act."

"That's exactly what I'm dying to do, but how?"

"If you were in New York——," he began.

"But I'm not," I said, with some impatience, "and I have no way of getting there, either."

Mr. Cranton smoked on in silence.

"You said I had ability," I said, finally.

"That's the worst of it," he answered. "If you had no talent, there might be some hope of discouraging you, for it's a long, hard road, my dear."

"I'm not afraid, and I want to try."

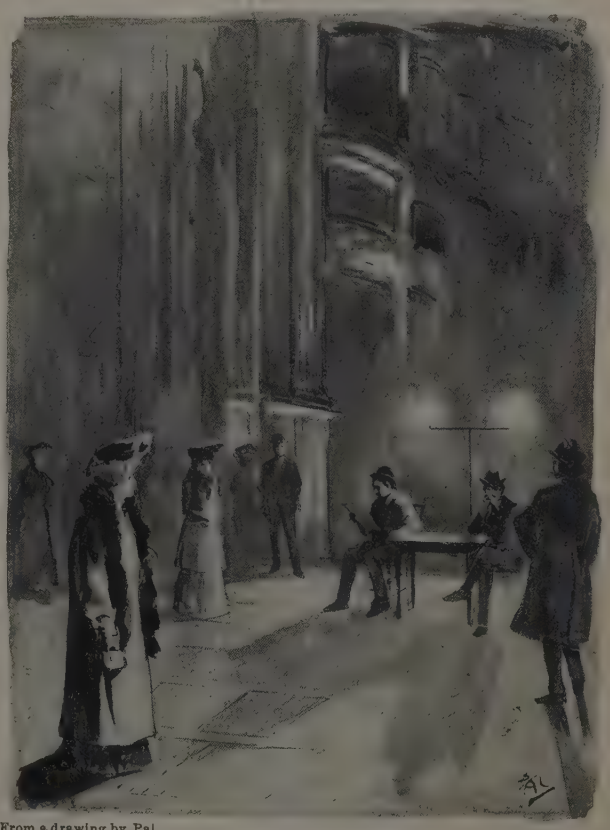
Mr. Cranton at last consented to give me a note to the manager of our best local theatre, asking him as a favor to allow me to go on as an "extra." That, Mr. Cranton said, would at least teach me how to stand still.

I went on as an extra for nearly a season, receiving a dollar a performance, and with the money I earned in this way I bribed Mr. Cranton to give me more lessons.

How he made me work! Whenever I was not employed at the theatre, he arranged that I should play with the various amateur clubs of which he was director. I soon realized that he was right about my experience as an "extra" being valuable. The traveling companies always provided the costumes and I had to put away every trace of self-consciousness before I could gain courage to appear in some of the clothes given me. The evening dresses were usually designed for a woman of heroic proportions. I was seventeen and only of average build, so I spent most of my time pulling the dress up on my shoulders, and as for boy's suits, —I always felt as if I must get into them with a shoe-horn.

I saw many fine performances in this way and a number of the best actors and actresses. The actresses never noticed me, although the actors, many of them, were willing enough to chat if none of the ladies of the company were about, but if one of the ladies appeared, the conversation immediately ceased. I did not notice this at first, and thought how much more kind and friendly the gentlemen of the companies were than the ladies. But directly I noticed their change of manner, I never allowed any one to speak to me. However, they used to laugh and joke with the other girls. I do not know why those other girls went on as extras; they said they never expected to become actresses. Aunt Nan hated to have me dress with them, and she thought of asking the manager to give me a room alone ,and consulted Mr. Cranton about it! He threw up his hands. "Good God Almighty, woman, they'd laugh in your face! In the theatre you are assigned your dressing room according to your rank and position, and as far as your niece's position goes, she simply doesn't exist, that's all!"

Then suddenly and unexpectedly I began to exist. I was born, so to speak theatrically, and I am now a whole week old. Last Tuesday, as I had no extra work, I was at home practising the fall which



From a drawing by Pal

"I advanced timidly, not knowing what to do"

Falk Studio MISS IDA LEVICK

Playing the part of Queen Elizabeth in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," in succession to May Robson

had once so nearly been my undoing. I was calmly rolling down our front stairs when the door bell rang. I jumped to my feet and opened the door. There stood a puffy, nervous, little man in a tightly-buttoned overcoat and silk hat.

"Does Miss Wemple live here?" he asked.

"I am Miss Wemple," I answered, wondering who he could be.

"God bless my soul!" he exploded. "You're nothing but a child!"

I blushed for I was in one of my old school dresses and my hair was hanging in a braid down my back.

"Oh, no!" I assured him, "I am quite grown up. Won't you come in?"

"Yes, yes, my dear, if you'll let me."

Every word was exploded out in quick gasps. I ushered him into the parlor, and when he had partly recovered his breath, he said:

"My name is Cranz. I'm acting manager for James Darcy, who is playing at the Star. One of our ladies is very ill. She played last night, but can't possibly go on to-night. The manager of the other theatre suggested you might help us out. Now, can you get up in the part and play it to-night?"

"Oh, yes!" I answered, breathlessly. I would have promised to learn Hamlet if he had asked me.

"Very well," he said, rising to go. "I'll notify the company, and you come down to the theatre as soon as possible."

He hurried out, and I flew to the kitchen to tell Aunt Nan. Then I dashed upstairs to dress. This was a matter of only a few seconds, and in fifteen minutes I started for the theatre. On the way I kept getting more and more nervous, until it seemed to me that if the car did not hurry I should have to get out and push it. At last I reached the Star, and then I had an awful time finding the stage entrance.

I found the whole company assembled on the stage. They looked sulky and ill-tempered, except one young woman, who nodded and smiled at me, and an extremely blonde young man who seemed absolutely indifferent to everything.

In the center of the stage, down by the footlights, was a solitary gas jet, and in front of this light was a small table, at which were seated two men, one busy eyeing the different members of the company critically, the others turning over the pages of a manuscript play.

I was hopelessly bewildered, and stood gazing around, not knowing what to do. Nobody moved. The girl who had nodded to me came up and said: "That is the stage manager sitting at the prompt table down by the bunch light. You had better report to him." Everything seemed to fail me, but I groped my way forward, the words, "Prompt table and bunch light," repeating themselves over and over in my mind. The next thing I was conscious of was a voice saying in a strictly business tone: "Ah! you are the young lady who has come to help us out. Here's your part. Now, ladies and gentlemen, Second Act, please!" Then, turning to me, "You don't go on until the middle of the second act."

My hands shook so I could scarcely hold the part. My heart beat furiously and I was dimly conscious of a dreadful feeling of nausea. My voice sounded as if I were speaking miles away. I only hoped it would come back when I wanted to use it, for one of the things Mr. Cranton insisted upon was that I speak clearly and distinctly.

When my cue came, I advanced to the center of the stage and discovered that the indifferent blonde young man was my son. The play was an Irish-American drama. The second man seated at "the prompt table down by the bunch light" was the star! I had no scenes with him, so he lounged in a chair watching the rehearsal and gazing at me with an injured look as if I were trying to do him harm instead of a favor. My part was that of an ill-tempered, autocratic old lady, who disinherits her son, but in the last act begs for forgiveness and the privilege of holding her grandson. It was not a long part, only three scenes, so the rehearsal was over very quickly.

The stage manager looked at his watch. The company looked at him. He called out: "You are dismissed for an hour, ladies and gentlemen. Get your lunches, then kindly report here again at one thirty."

The company filed out like a band of school children dismissed for the day. The stage manager turned to me and said in a disheartened tone: "Try and get as many of those lines as possible before one thirty, then we'll go over it once or twice and do the best we can for the night's performance."

He and the star then left the theatre. I trailed along behind, feeling very much ashamed and ready to cry. I never thought of getting anything to eat, but went as rapidly as I could to Mr. Cranton, who boarded near the theatre.

Mr. Cranton and I went at the part hammer and tongs. First, I studied the lines, then he read the cues. We did this over and over again, so I should be absolutely familiar with them. Fortunately, I am what is known in theatrical parlance as a "quick study." Then Mr. Cranton acted the part for me. It seemed fearfully exaggerated, but he insisted that, on account of my youth, I must do it that way, and particularly in that class theatre. When I returned to the theatre, I was absolutely sure I knew every word and remembered every piece of business. This gave me confidence.

After the rehearsal, during which the company's manner had gradually thawed, the star came to me and said, "You're a clever girl."

As he turned away, the friendly girl stopped and whispered reassuringly, "Don't let him frighten you—his brogue, I mean; his bark is worse than his bite."

"He wasn't frightening me," I answered. "He said something very nice."

"Don't tell that to any of the rest of the company, for they won't believe you."

"Why?"

"Never mind, I mustn't tell tales. What is your name?"

"Julia Wemple."

"Your own, or stage?"

"Both."

"Oh! You see, our stage manager is such a pig! He never introduces anybody. My stage name is Rachel Milford. My real name is Elsie Smith, but everybody calls me Indian."

While I was wondering why they called her Indian, I said:

"I want to thank you for being so nice to me when I first came in to-day."

"Was I nice?" she replied, airily. "I didn't mean to be. That is, I'm just as I always am. I used to have a few manners before I came out with this crowd, but they're so ill-tempered and sour, I'm getting as bad as the rest.

"No, indeed!" I protested, "you're entirely different."

"Well, I hope so." she smiled. "But you must have heaps to do, so I won't keep you." Then, drawing off a few paces, she looked me over critcally. She went on: "You can't wear Mortimer's clothes; she'd make two of you. I suppose

MISS ETHEL POWERS
Now appearing in "The Village Postmaster"

MISS FLORA ZABELLE
As Bonita in "The Yankee Consul"

you haven't a wig either, have you?" Her interest in me was evidently friendly.

"No," I answered. "I couldn't hire one."

"It's good you didn't," she prattled on. "Hired wigs are always such tacky-looking things. I tell you what you do: buy a box of cornstarch and powder your own hair, and if I were you, I'd wear my highest heels. Come early to-night, and anything you need or want to know come to me, and I'll help you out."

We moved toward the stage entrance. I spoke of the trouble I had finding it. She smiled and said: "The architects of theatres always do that. It reminds me of one of those maze pictures—'This is the theatre, find the stage entrance.'"

We parted. It was now after four o'clock. Aunt Nan was terribly worried because I hadn't been home and had had no lunch. She made me some tea, but I could not eat. My mind was too preoccupied thinking what I should wear. My silk dress was all I had. I ran over and asked Harold Gorham's mother to lend me her lace shawl and new bonnet, and all the rest of the afternoon Aunt Nan kept running around after me, begging me to eat, asking if I knew "my piece," and wondering if she could buy a seat, until I thought I should go mad.

I started for the theatre at six o'clock. Rachel Milford had told me to come early. Besides, I was too excited to stay at home another minute. Not a soul was at the theatre when I arrived except the back doorman. I did not know where to go, so I waited. Presently Mr. Griffiths, the stage manager, arrived. He seemed annoyed at finding me there before him. I asked him where I was to dress.

"You can go in with Mrs. Cranz," he said testily. "Miss Mortimer, the woman whose part you play, used to dress there. By the way, Mrs. Cranz is the wife of our manager, the gentleman whom you met this morning. Just thought I'd tell you this so you could be on your guard and not say anything you didn't want repeated."

At that moment Mrs. Cranz came in, and after her Rachel Milford. Rachel asked at once, "Where is Miss Wemple to dress?"

"With Mrs. Cranz," I ventured.

Mrs. Cranz looked at Rachel, but Rachel only shrugged her shoulders. I followed them down a flight of humpy stairs into a smelly cellar. Mrs. Cranz went ahead and vanished into a room. I turned to Rachel and said:

"I brought the cornstarch."

"That's right. I suppose you know nothing about making up for a part like this?"

"Very little," I admitted.

"Well, get your dressing sacque on," she said, "and come into my room, No. 3, and I'll line your face for you."

I went to my own room, No. 5. Mrs. Cranz was already undressed and was seated at the dressing place. There was no room on the shelf for my things and only two hooks. I hung my clothes up as best I could. Then I waited. Finally my room-mate moved her things a few inches and I crowded my things into the allotted space.

Mrs. Cranz surveyed my belongings.

"Didn't Mrs. Mortimer send you her keys?" she asked.

"No," I answered.

"I consider that most unprofessional," she said with asperity. "Besides, it's in our contracts to lend all costumes in case of an understudy."

I said nothing, remembering the stage manager's injunction. After a pause, she continued: "Aren't you going to wear a wig?"

"No. Miss Milford advised me to powder my own hair."

"Miss Milford!" she echoed, sarcastically. She gazed stonily into her mirror.

"Yes," I said; "Miss Milford has been very kind to me."

"Oh, she can be very kind when she wants to be!" she said, "but don't place any dependence upon her. She is a very treacherous girl, and I feel it's my duty to warn you."

Everybody I spoke to seemed to feel it was their duty to warn me against somebody else. When my hair was done up, I took my things and went into Rachel's room. There was another girl dressing there, but Rachel did not introduce me. I learned later that they were not on speaking terms, although thrown together so intimately as to occupy the same room. The girl's name was Miss Fay. Rachel seated me in a chair and asked for my "liner." I had no idea what she meant, so she began rummaging among my things until she found my black pencil, which she tossed aside scornfully. "That'll never do," she cried; "I'll borrow some from one of the boys." Then she bounced out, and went and knocked at one of the rooms occupied by the actors.

During Rachel's absence, Miss Fay went on making up. Every now and then she would stop laboring over her face to execute a few dancing steps around the room or to throw a hand-spring. She was an acrobatic, dancing soubrette, and did her specialty in the play. All these antics in pantomime without addressing a word to me were comical in the extreme, and I had difficulty in keeping a straight face. Presently Rachel returned with her hands full. She installed me at her dresser, and after cold creaming my face all over, she began drawing lines on it with various colored grease paints. Whenever she drew a line she stood off to see the effect. Sometimes she erased it altogether and drew one in another place, and then rubbed them in with her fingers until I began to feel like a crayon portrait.

"This must be a lot of trouble for you, Miss Milford," I sputtered.

"Not at all," she said. "I love to make people up."

The lines all on, she showered my face with powder until I looked like a clown. Then

MISS LAURA HOPE CREWS
Who has succeeded Sandol Milliken in the role of Marie Cahill in "Ranson's Folly."

MISS SUE BELLE MEAD
Now appearing in "Arizona."

she took a little brush and swept nearly every trace of it off. Next she put on my rouge, after which she powdered my hair, and when I looked in the glass I was a very nice-looking old lady of forty-five or fifty. It was wonderful!

All the time Rachel was trying experiments with my face, Miss Fay, still ignoring us completely, proceeded to "make-up" her eyes. This was a most fascinating process. First, she held a battered-looking spoon filled with black cosmetic over the gas jet. As the cosmetic melted, it filled the room with a sickly odor of cheap perfume or burning grease. When it was melted to the consistency of a thick soup, she scouped it up on a short, pointed stick and applied it to her lashes in such a way that when it cooled it left a large lump of cosmetic at the end of each lash, and made her look as if she had strung black beads around her eyes. While she decorated her right eye she stretched down the left corner of her lower lip, and vice-versa, as if to balance her face, for, of course, any movement of the eye-lids would cause the hot cosmetic to splash down on her cheek and ruin her make-up. I made up my mind to do my eyes like this the first chance I had. Rachel's eyes were not done that way at all. She had scarcely any cosmetic on the lashes and the lids were just smudged with dark blue.

I went back to my room to finish dressing, and found Mrs. Cranz piously reading a little book with a large gold cross on it, entitled "The Key of Heaven." I was very sorry Uncle John was not there to see that, for he thought awful things about stage people. Presently she looked up from the book and asked if I were a Catholic.

"No," I answered.

"To what denomination to you belong?" she inquired.

"I don't know," I replied, ingenuously; "Aunt Nan never sent me to any church."

"Well, of course," she sniffed, "I could not expect every one to have my religous advantages. I have three children in the convent."

"Really!" I exclaimed politely. "Isn't that very expensive?"

"One mustn't stop to think of expense," she replied, "when it's a question of the good of one's soul, but excuse me now, I must read my Meditations. I always do that between fifteen minutes and overture. I never allow anything to interfere with my religious duties."

I was awfully glad she stopped talking, because I wanted to try to compose my mind. I finished dressing before they called "overture," and I am very much afraid that Mrs. Gorham's lace shawl interfered slightly with my pious room-mate's Meditations. I caught her several times covertly watching me, and that shawl, every thread real lace, evidently produced a deep impression.

I can't remember how that evening passed, nor how I did my part; it is all a confused dream, yet I know I was not nearly so frightened by the audience at night as I had been by the company at rehearsal. No one said a word to me about my part except Rachel, and she whispered, "You're all right." After the performance, Mr. Cranz called me out of my room and said:

"Miss Wemple, you'll have to go on to-morrow night, and possibly all the rest of the week. Miss Mortimer is no better, and her physician holds out very little hope of her being able to go on, and Mr. Darcy refuses to 'lay off.'"

I was delighted, of course, that I had proved satisfactory, as his little speech implied; but when I entered the dressing room Mrs. Cranz remarked lugubriously:

"If it was my company, we'd lay off, but Mr. Darcy is too eccentric."

I began to think Mrs. Cranz was extremely disagreeable. When I came upstairs on to the stage, Aunt Nan, Uncle John and Mr. Cranton were waiting for me. We all left the theatre together, and as soon as we got on the car, Aunt Nan beamed on me. She squeezed my hand and said:

"You did perfectly grand, Julia! You were the best one in it, and everybody said so, didn't they, John?"

"It's all d—d nonsense!" retorted Uncle John.

It was all hours before I got to sleep that night.

Next morning I did not wake until after ten o'clock. I found Aunt Nan gazing at me from the foot of the bed with the reverent air with which one regards a great celebrity. As soon as I was fully awake, she said, breathlessly:

"It's all in the papers, Julia, every word!"

"Oh, let me see!" I started to jump out of bed.

"No, darling, you must lie still, and Aunt Nan will bring you the papers and your breakfast."

I am ashamed to say I obeyed, and let poor Aunt Nan trot up and down stairs waiting upon me. But it was so good, and just the way I had heard our best actresses did. I felt more like a real actress at that moment than I had the night before, and while Aunt Nan was down-stairs I pretended I was a great star, who had played Juliet the night before and was too exhausted to get up the next morning, so my maid had to serve my breakfast in my room. Oh, lovely!

The papers! I simply could not eat my breakfast trying to read all the nice things they said of me. Whole columns, with great big head-lines. Then I realized that it was local pride in the city to which I belonged that had inspired two-thirds of the articles. I did not feel nearly so buoyant after that.

At the theatre that night, Mrs. Cranz entered the dressing room, carrying in her hand the "Key of Heaven." She remarked sarcastically:

"So, I suppose you feel very proud after all the fuss the papers made about you?"

"I felt pleased, of course," I answered, shyly.

"It must be very nice," she went on in an acidulous tone, "to stand in with the newspaper men of your city."

"But I don't know any of the newspaper men," I protested.

"Oh, my dear, everybody says that!" she said, with a horrid smile of incredulity.

I was so angry that I could have thrown something at her.

Miss Mortimer did not improve, and Thursday night they asked if I could go on the road with them. I nearly fainted with joy. Mr. Cranz had a talk with Uncle John, and he finally gave his consent. Aunt Nan was awfully upset at first, but I told her it would not be for long.

On Friday night, a large, healthy-looking man came up to me on the stage and asked me how many trunks I would have.

"I don't know," I stammered; "how many ought I to have?"

He tried hard not to smile, but could not help it.

"People generally carry two, a hotel and a theatre trunk; but you may only want one."

Rachel advised one trunk. I might not stay with them long, and, as I had only one stage dress, she suggested putting everything in one trunk and always having that sent to the theatre. I found the property man and asked him how much I must pay him. He laughed again.

"Oh, that all goes with my job! The company don't have anything to do with hauling their baggage."

When the company left, Aunt Nan cried so hard she couldn't go to the station.

I was so delighted to be going "on the road" that I could not even feel very sorry at leaving Uncle John, although I tried hard. I simply would not allow myself to think of Aunt Nan. At last the train started, and away I went into a new, strange life, in company with new, strange people.

(To be continued.)

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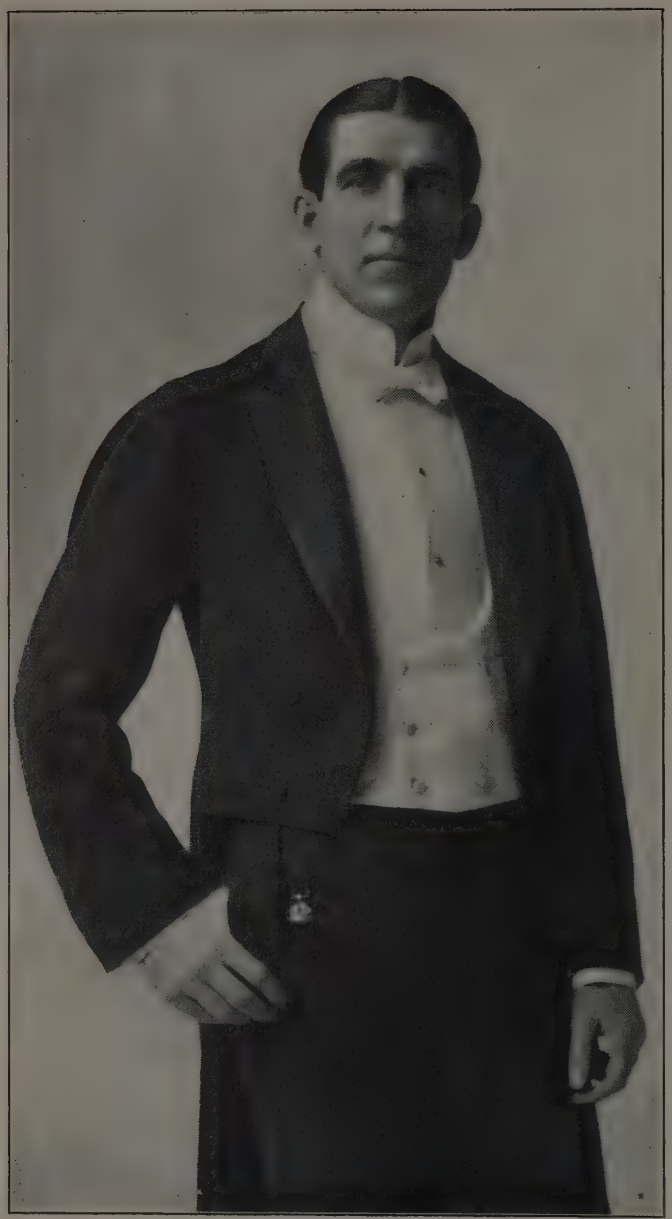

JAMES J. CORBETT

Mr. Corbett is about to leave the vaudeville field, and in September next will embark on a new venture in his new drama "Pals," which is from the pen of Edmund Day.

Vaudeville

IN face of general depression in the whole amusement world, the vaudeville houses succeed in holding their own. Keith's, Proctor's, Hammerstein's, the Circle, and other resorts of this class continue to do well. At Keith's Union Square Theatre was seen recently an innovation in the vaudeville business in the form of a one-act melodrama. Pieces of this kind, depicting strong emotions and situations, have been popular in London music halls for some time, yet for some reason or other have never been imported here. Messrs. Hal Davis and Inez Macauley recently introduced at Keith's a one-act piece called "Pals," more farcical than melodramatic, but which met with success sufficient to warrant its repetition. The scene shows the hall of the home of a young married couple. Wealth is indicated by luxurious furniture and modern architecture, which includes an elaborate open stairway leading to a balcony on the second floor. A young friend of the husband, who has been a college pal of his, comes to dinner. It appears that he had been an admirer of the wife before her marriage, and had joined the army in the Philippines to forget her. After a very unsatisfactory dinner, during which several drinks were taken, the husband is summoned to New York. He kisses his wife good-bye, leaving his pal behind, and promising to return as soon as possible. The visitor, as soon as the door has closed on the departing husband, starts to make a declaration of love to the wife and attempts to kiss her. She releases herself and runs to the top of the stairs. Just then the husband returns, and the hysterical young woman informs him in a few words of what has occurred. A rough-and-tumble fight then begins, and it is very exciting for two or three minutes, until finally the outraged husband pins his adversary down at the foot of the stairs and proceeds to choke him. The comedy is furnished by a clumsy servant, who steals a dinner from the family next door, as the hostess of the occasion has been taken by surprise and has nothing in the house with which to prepare a dinner suitable for a guest. Other performers at this house have been Helen Gerard, the French equestrienne; Bellman & Moore, in "A Gallery Goddess;" Nora Bayes, character comédienne and vocalist; Three Hickman Brothers, grotesque comedy acts; Irving Johnes, colored comédienne; Romani Trio, European musical novelty; Orpheus Comedy Four; Alfonso, the equilibristic wonder; Cornelia and Eddy, comedy acrobats; Van Fossen and McAuley, eccentric comedians; H. V. Fitzgerald, the American Fregoli; Miett's dogs; Eddie Mack, the dancing wonder; May Evans, whistler and mimic, and the Biograph.

At Hammerstein's Victoria, Miss Eva Tanguay recently made her début in vaudeville, appearing in a repertoire of character songs. Only the third song, which was accompanied with an original, little dance, excited any enthusiasm. Mme. Hermann's entertainment, "A Night in Japan," proved popular and timely, and other good numbers have been: Henry Lee, in his great men studies; Elfie Fay, comédienne; James J. Corbett, who told amusing stories of his experiences; Mary Norman, society entertainer; Charles R. Sweet, the tramp pianist; Howard Brothers, banjo manipulators; Sherman and De Forest, in their burlesque, "The battle of San Dago;" Brothers Damm, grotesque acrobats; Rapoli, European sensational juggler; Ad Carlisle's dog and pony circus; Valmore and Morton, eccentric dancers, and New Vitagraphic views.

At Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre we have seen a farce in three acts, entitled "Hush-a-bye, Baby," by Frank Tannehill, Jr. The piece is entirely conventional and improbable, and did not meet with much success. Mr. Budd, Sr., a widower, has a son who has made conquests in many lands. He divides his attentions between Rose Hawley and Marie Ketchem, and is undecided whether to marry a blonde or a brunette. News comes to both Budds that a Mrs. Budd, with a child, is coming to claim her husband. The father accuses the son, and the son accuses the father, of having contracted a secret marriage. Mrs. Budd arrives, and it turns out, of course, that neither of these particular Budds is the one guilty. At the 58th St. house, "Arrah-na-Pogue" has been a popular bill.

At the Circle Theatre lately, Miss Lillian Burkhart had considerable success in a capital comedy sketch, called "A Strenuous Daisy," and Miss Marie Dressler was popular in the skit, "Sweet Kitty Swellaires." Later attractions included Sam Edwards, the comedian, in a one-act comedy by Edward E. Kidder, "A Pass for Two;" Mlle. Latina, exercises in physical culture, and the Kaufman troupe.

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A Correction.

In the February issue of this magazine, in the article entitled "The Lesson of the Chicago Fire," it was stated that the asbestos curtain of the ill-fated Iroquois Theatre had been shown by the subsequent investigation to be of a cheap grade material, easily consumed. The manufacturers of the curtain in question deny the correctness of the foregoing statement; they deny that the asbestos curtain was lowered at all, and declare that an "act drop" was lowered instead, and that the pieces of burned material picked up and generally supposed to be remnants of the asbestos curtain were really pieces of the burned "act drop." The real asbestos curtain, they say, fell of its own weight directly its supports were burned away, and remained buried and intact under the débris on the stage. A portion of it was recovered after the fire, and a test made with fire proved it to be of a high-grade asbestos material and thoroughly substantial.

Tickets for the Blind.

A certain philanthropic movement, recently set on foot by several good women of New York, tempts one to believe that the spirit of altruism may possibly lie latent somewhere even in the most materialistic communities. These gentle lady ministers of mercy have formed a "Committee for Tickets for the Blind," with headquarters at the office of the Musical Art Society, 362 Fifth avenue. The object of the committee is to secure for the blind of our town opportunities of hearing music in all its branches at public concerts, as well as dramatic performances at the theatres. Various managers have been memorialized on the subject, and some of them have already responded with promises of free tickets for the blind to current plays or musical comedies. It is even possible that special performances will be given for unfortunates bereft of eyesight. Well-known actors, too, have been asked to assist in this worthy work of charity by regularly donating a few of the tickets they have to dispose of. But how can the public help? It is a very common occurrence that those who have purchased tickets for a stated night or afternoon find, a day or two before the performance, that they will be unable to attend it. Let such persons make it a habit to transmit their tickets to the committee for use by the blind, instead of giving them away to friends needing neither comfort nor commiseration. And it is open to everybody, at any time, to put a dollar bill into an envelope addressed: "Committee for Tickets for the Blind, office of Musical Art Society, 362 Fifth avenue, New York City."

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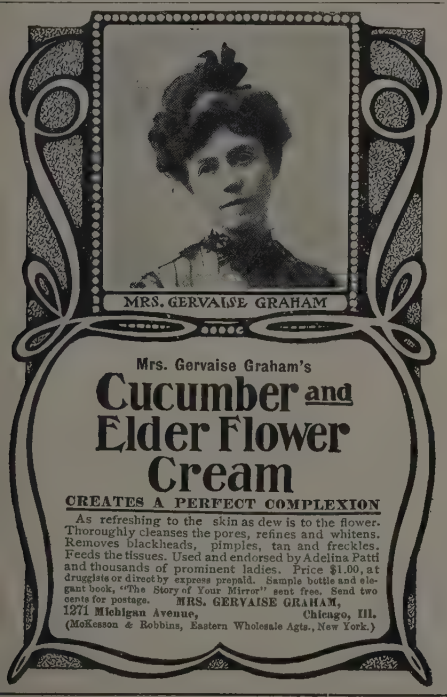

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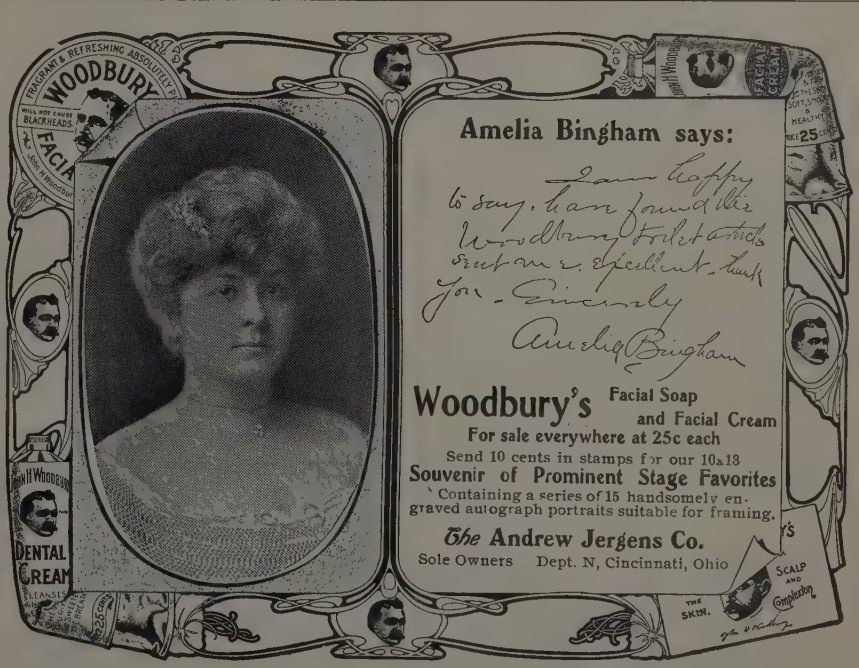
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"I say, young man," said a blunt old chap after the singer had finished, "you didn't sound a single H, and the song is full of 'em."

"I beg your pardon, sir," replied the young man with freezing dignity, "you are mistaken; the notes on the pianner don't go any 'igher than G."—*Tit-Bits.*

Kiss Me Good-Night

The song, "Kiss Me Good-night, Dear Love," which is hummed every night as the audience is leaving the Criterion Theatre, where "Merely Mary Ann" is now being played with such success by Eleanor Robson, and the "Merely Mary Ann Waltzes," are published by the F. B. Haviland Publishing Company, Broadway and 37th St., New York City.

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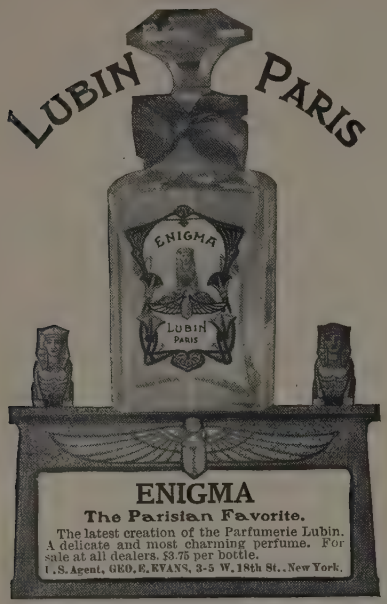

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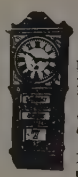

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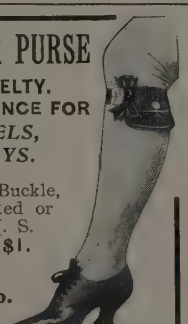

Credit to whom Credit is Due.

In our last issue, by a typographical blunder, the admirable character sketch of Richard Mansfield appeared unsigned. The writer was Miss Ada Patterson, a valued contributor to this magazine.

QUERIES ANSWERED

The Editor will be pleased to answer in this department all reasonable questions asked by our readers. Irrelevant and personal questions, such as those relating to actors or singers as private individuals, their age, whether they are married or single, etc., etc., will be ignored.

MAURICE, Memphis, Tenn.—Miss Adick. Nanette Comstock originated the character.

W. A. THORPE, Bridgeport, Conn.—We do not know the whereabouts of the lady.

"INTERESTED."—(1) Miss Maude Adams is booked to appear in this city at the Empire Theatre near the close of the present season. (2) There are souvenir books of the "Wizard of Oz," and they can be had from the management of the Majestic Theatre. (3) Write Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West 33rd St., New York.

MISS A. MOORE, Holyoke, Mass.—There is no one of prominence by that name. There may be a ballet girl or a chorus girl.

"A CONSTANT READER."—(1) We do not know the full name of H. S. Northrup. (2) No. (3) There are no such photos on sale, that we know of.

L. G. STRAUSS, Atlanta, Ga.—Write to Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West 33rd St., New York.

MISS R. E. PERKINS, Macon, Ga.—You will find the addresses of the people you ask in the dramatic papers each week.

K. S. M. W.—(1) "Algy" is an English comic song. (2) She is the wife of M. De Freese, a London manager.

H. T. S.—You can apply to Mr. Albe, at the Union Square Theatre, New York, or the resident manager of the Bijou, Philadelphia, Pa.

Puccini's "Madame Butterfly."

Puccini's "Madame Butterfly" having proved a complete failure in Milan, the composer has withdrawn the opera from La Scala with the intention of completely re-writing it. Of course, says the London *Stage*, it is impossible to predict what the future of "Madame Butterfly" may be, but it is not, perhaps, out of place, to recall that three operas which ultimately attained popularity were hissed at the Scala to begin with; these were Bellini's "Norma," Wagner's "Lohengrin" and Boïto's "Mephistophele." Other memorable first-night failures were Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" at the Argentina Theatre in Rome, and Verdi's "Traviata," given in March, 1853, at the Venice Theatre in Venice. So there is yet hope for Puccini with his "Madame Butterfly."

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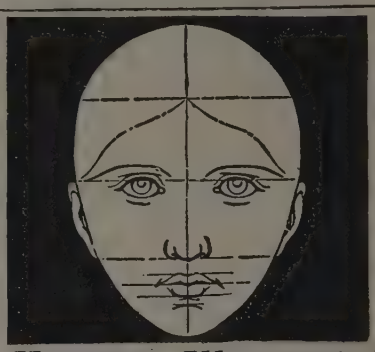

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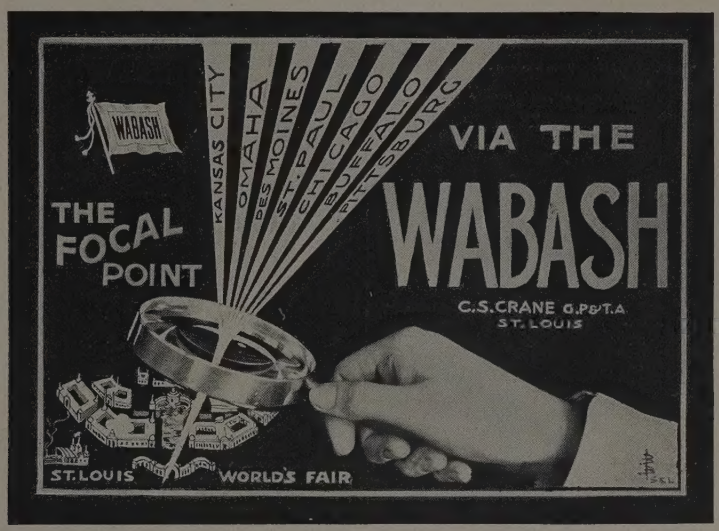

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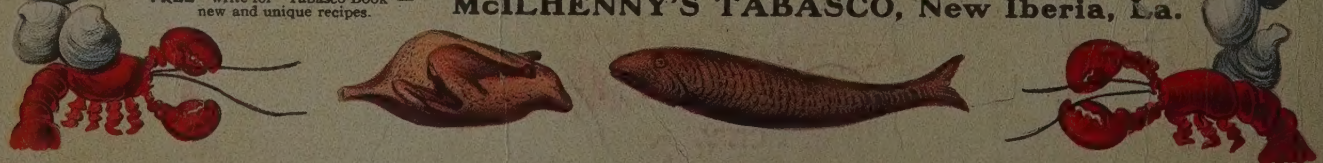
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